WHY KILL THE UMPIRE?—*Carry This to the World Series*

OCT. 10, 1936

Liberty

5¢

Riding High

WILD LOVE AND HATE IN A RODEO NOVEL

by DORA MACY

AUTHOR OF EX-MISTRESS AND PUBLIC SWEETHEART NUMBER ONE

HOLLYWOOD SHAKEDOWN

Crimes No One Will Talk About — From the District Attorney's Files

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To those who want a better car to drive this winter this nation-wide clearance sale offers a real opportunity. During October, Ford dealers offer more than 150,000 bargains. Your present car undoubtedly will cover the down payment on a much better car which will cost you less to drive, be safer, more comfortable and more dependable this winter. And, remember, Ford dealers are the only ones who offer R & G values. R & G means renewed and guaranteed. *You are protected by a written money-back guarantee.* Easy terms, with payments as low as $15 monthly, under authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Company.

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This October Clearance Sale means money to the man who looks ahead. Your present car isn't getting any younger. It loses trade-in value every day you drive it. The older it gets the more it costs for operation and repairs. Don't wait 'till your car is ready for the junk heap. Trade it in now while it's worth something. Get a good allowance on a much better used car at the present low prices. Take advantage of the first nation-wide event of its kind in Ford history. See your Ford dealer early in October while he still has the choicest used car and truck bargains.

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A Fellow who wants his Pilot's Wings can't take chances with his Teeth and Gums!

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NO WONDER the dental *health habit* of Ipana and massage is so deeply rooted in so many American families! Modern dentists endorse and encourage its practice. In thousands of schools modern teachers stress its importance, even to the youngsters in the primary grades, in daily classroom drills. And common-sense, intelligent parents make it their duty to see that this sensible precept of dentist and teacher is carefully observed.

For there is a real need for Ipana plus massage. There is a simple, logical reason for its use. Our modern, soft-food diet does not give teeth and gums the exercise and stimulation they need for health and firmness. Lacking this necessary exercise, gums grow lazy, tender, sensitive. And eventually that dental signal, that warning of trouble, makes its appearance—*"pink tooth brush."*

When *you* see "pink tooth brush"—see your dentist! You may be in for serious trouble and it's wisest to play safe. But if his verdict is simply gums that need more work and exercise—gums that need the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage—schedule yourself immediately for this modern *dental health* routine.

For Ipana Tooth Paste is especially made to benefit your gums as well as your teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth! It's stimulating. It strengthens the tissue! It gives you greater immunity from the really serious gum disorders.

• With classroom instructions in gum massage, modern teachers everywhere are contributing to the future soundness of their children's teeth and gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

OCTOBER 10, 1936

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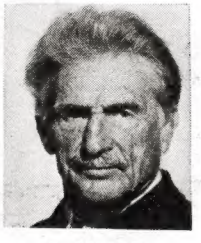
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

Playing the United States for a "Good Thing"



BERNARR MACFADDEN

AMONG the nations of the world the United States might be termed a good Samaritan. But now that we are loaded down almost beyond endurance with taxes, with government expenses rising to heights that are likely to choke the life out of the business interests of this country, it is high time we gave some consideration to financial self-protection. It is all right to be charitable, but self-preservation is also important. There is doubtless little danger of our starving to death, but we all know that we cannot continue to go into debt at the rate of ten or fifteen million dollars a day without governmental disaster.

This country has been the haven of foreigners for generations. As long as we could absorb them and they became good naturalized citizens, we had no reason to complain. But with the depression our attitude had to change. We had to restrict immigration. Then, more than a year ago, our attention was called to an extraordinary situation.

We have seven and a half million unnaturalized foreigners in this country.

We have one and a half million unnaturalized foreigners on our relief rolls.

There are six million unnaturalized foreigners holding American jobs.

There are three and a half million foreigners in this country who are here illegally.

These figures can be verified in the Congressional Record of June 26, 1935.

Naturally, after reading these figures, we would inquire, what is wrong with our officials?

There is such a thing as overplaying the good-Samaritan act. As long as we have plenty of cash and it is coming from sources which do not incur a severe hardship, perhaps we should not complain.

But why are three and a half million persons who are here illegally allowed to remain? We are supposed to have officials whose duties are very plain. Foreigners who are here illegally should be sent home.

And why should we be supporting on relief one and a half million unnaturalized foreigners?

Well, that is a disgraceful exposure of official incompetence that is enough to make the average citizen swear like a longshoreman. It is not the Washington government that is supporting these foreign wards; it is the taxpayers.

And we must not forget that taxes are not out in the open—that the biggest part of our taxes are what we call "hidden taxes." As we have previously stated in these columns, when you pay rent, buy clothes, groceries—anything—nineteen to twenty per cent of the amount represents "hidden taxes."

We are just being played for a "good thing" by all our foreign charity wards. There is no reason whatsoever why these individuals should not be sent to their homelands. It is frequently a hardship to support our own people, so why should we extend our liberality?

And why borrow money to take care of people who should be supported in their own countries?

Every American citizen should register vigorous complaint with his senator and representative about this financial waste.

We have no reason to feel otherwise but friendly to foreigners who have visited our shores, but if they have a similar feeling toward us, it is their duty to become naturalized citizens, and until they apply for citizenship they should be considered as foreigners and should be treated accordingly.

"America for Americans" should be a slogan to guide us definitely in these difficult times. When you are protecting your homeland, self-preservation demands that you conserve that which is essential to the life and health of yourself and your dependents.

We have been used for a "good thing" about long enough. Our attitude should change. The enormous expenses that we are now assuming for relief throughout the country, added to the unparalleled increase in governmental spending, clearly indicate that unless we retrench in every department we are likely to face future disaster.

National bankruptcy may mean little to the average individual, but we must realize that it would destroy the value of our currency, and the millions who depend upon this money for relief would then be destitute.

It has been stated that civilization is a thin veneer and that we are only two or three meals from savagery.

Hungry people are inclined to form into lawless mobs. Such a menacing situation might spread over sufficient territory to wreck our governmental system.

Bernarr Macfadden

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BEGINNING

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

by DORA MACY

Author of Ex-Mistress
and Public Sweetheart Number One

PART ONE—A COWGIRL AND A SIREN

THE lunchroom across the street from the rodeo was fairly deserted at four o'clock. Dusty Wyde parked the big touring car at the curb and stalked into the restaurant, his large moo-cow eyes noting with satisfaction the quiet emptiness. In a far corner he ordered and consumed four portions of ice cream, and then, pushing back the plates, settled himself to read the last two issues of the Red Lodge Daily News which his dad had sent him from back home in Montana. His big bland face tightened with the effort of concentration. Outside, the fall winds were whistling through the streets of Indianapolis.

With a gusty blast that chilled the place, the door opened. Dusty glanced up from his paper and grunted a greeting to the newcomer. He selected a toothpick and folded his home newspapers with thoughtful deliberation, jamming them into the pocket of his short jacket.

The cowboy who entered was undeniably good-looking. All his life Dusty had more or less envied Chance Wagner that easy way of his with women, but never more so than now, when Dusty was in love himself. A feller that's quiet and shy by nature, painfully inarticulate, can suffer quite considerable when he's in love.

Chance saluted Dusty with a grin, and leaning over the white counter he bellowed triumphantly: "Ma! Ma Kennedy! Come on out. It's me, Chance, with a wad of money!"

From the back of the restaurant came an elderly dumpling-faced woman. She paused a moment regarding Chance, who stood with both hands over his head waving fistfuls of bills. "Land sake, Chance! I'm glad."

"You're glad!" chuckled Chance. "The whole town's glad. Come on, now—what do I owe you? Fifty-three bucks from last year, and how much did I eat this year?"

He vaulted over the counter and with one arm around the old lady's neck he began to figure.

"However did you get it all?" Ma Kennedy demanded

West Meets East!—Wild Love, Hate, and a Gallant Girl in a Swift and Stirring Novel of the Rodeo in New York

ILLUSTRATION BY
GERALD LEAKE

anxiously. "You didn't win all that at the rodeo!"

Dusty tipped his chair back and snorted. "What Chance wins riding he gambles before the next show," he drawled.

"Secret of my success!" Chance agreed good-naturedly. "Ma, I winned forty-five bucks yesterday steer wrestlin'. I put it on a race. My horse came in. I woke up this mornin' and collected! I went and bought me a new car; traded in my old bus and paid a third down. I've drove all over town payin' up my old debts. And here I am to clean up with you. Then I want me a man-sized steak and a bucket of fried onions. I'm drivin' on to the New York rodeo and leavin' as soon as I eat."

With a hitch of his trousers, he walked over to Dusty's table and sprawled happily in a chair. "Why don't you and Patsy drive to New York with me?" he suggested. "Save you carfare."

"Well, no." Dusty shook his head slowly. "We're gettin' there free as it is. Seems I loaned Parson Dunwoodie some money a few years back and clean forgot about it. That was way before my accident. He comes and reminds me last night and pays off with two tickets on the train. He won 'em in a crap game."

"Turn 'em in! Cash 'em—or sell 'em to some of the boys." Chance waved a managerial hand. "You and Patsy can beg off the shows you're listed for and get that much more rest. This is only Thursday and the crowd don't leave till midnight Sat'd'y. If we start early tonight I figure we can get to the big town ahead of the trainload."

"No. I guess not. Much obliged."

"Why?" Chance insisted.

"Well, I has a notion it's best for Patsy," Dusty mumbled, his large face flushing slightly. "She ain't never rid on a sleeper and she kinda looks forward to it."

Chance shoved his hands deep into his trouser pockets. "You know, that's a roughhouse trip," he said quietly.

"I guess I can take care of Patsy," Dusty murmured.

Chance leaned forward suddenly. His lips sported a knowing grin, but his coal-black eyes were hot and slightly feverish. "There's a Drive Yourself car parked outside this lunchroom—a car that a certain dame hires by the week. You're goin' by train because a certain little blonde has decided to take the train. I'll tell you the reason you wasn't at the show this afternoon—the first rodeo you've missed since ever you was in the game! You was out drivin' in the country with a little blonde from New York. By the name of Mildred. Am I right?"

Dusty's large dumb eyes narrowed. "And what if you are?" he said quietly.

"Nothin'," snickered Chance Wagner, and sat upright. "It's high time you took up with some skirt, if it's only a divided skirt like that. You can't be a spinster man. Better guys than you has tried it."

"Talk on, boy," drawled Dusty. "You wouldn't know none about real love."

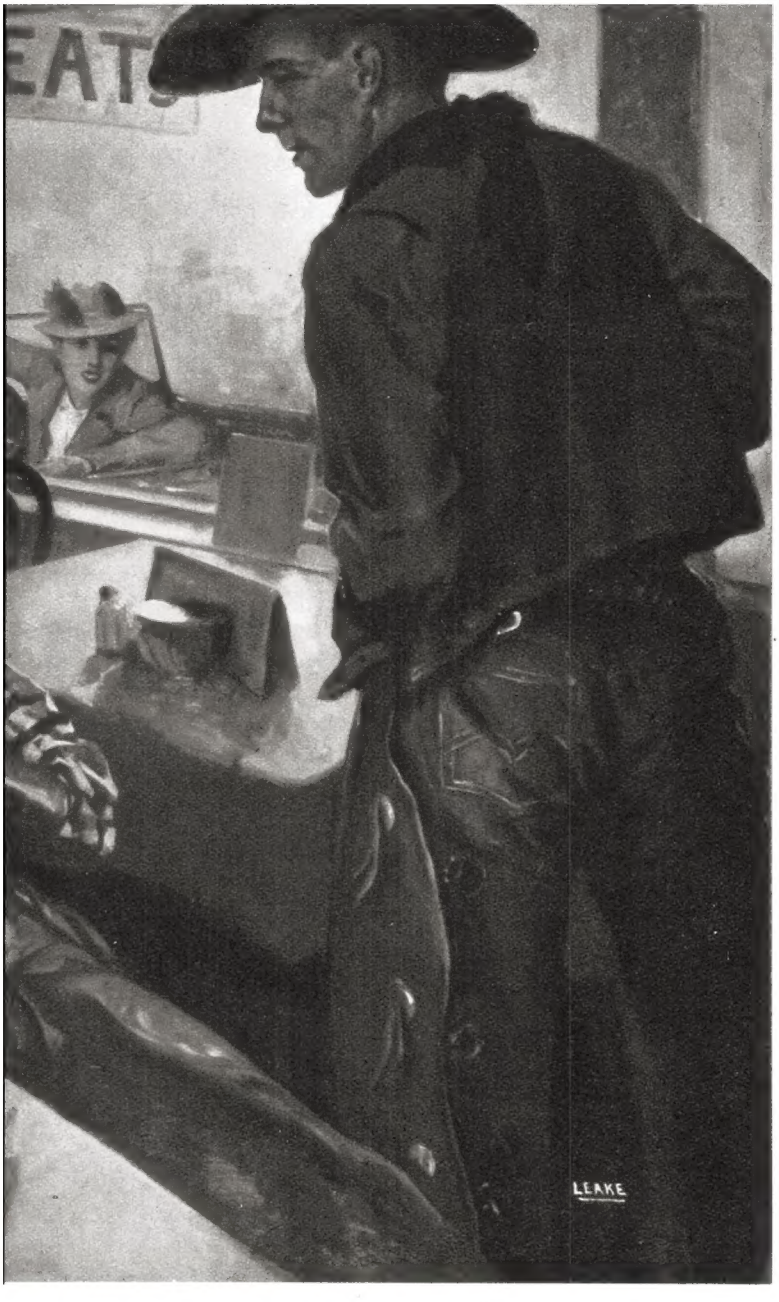
Chance stared. Then he shrugged. "All right, you dumb ox. Go learn your lesson. Let the little lispin' gin-lappin' New York floosie give you the works. I'll tell you a thing, though. Ain't no romance quite so expensive as makin' love to a rich woman."

"I ain't spent a cent."

"You know she's engaged, don't you? Wears a ring from that new publicity man?"

"Oh, she don't mean that." Dusty stirred restlessly. "She's just tryin' to be a good influence on him. Get him to quit drinkin'."

"Fat chance, in her company. Where was you all afternoon with her?"



"Oh, she wanted to see some property north of town a ways. Some kind of investment."

"Did she buy it?"

"Oh, we couldn't find it."

With a grin, Chance applied himself to his steak.

"Patsy meetin' you here?" he asked presently.

"Soon as her trick ridin's done."

"You listed to ride tonight?"

"No. I'm in bull-doggin' tomorrow, is all."

Chance cleared his throat. "Listen, Dusty. You ain't goin' to let her hit the big town in them clothes she wears?"

"That's her own doin'," Dusty said at length.

"There ought to be a law," Chance snapped. "Bet them duds she wears is the same she left the home ranch in two years ago."

"They sure are. What's it to you how she looks?"

Chance pushed back his plate. "Well, I like the brat," he said amiably. "I ain't seen her for two years. When I left Montana she was just the same bony little kid I grew up with. Then you two join up with the big-time shows this season and I get a good look at her in Sheridan. She was ridin'. God, how she can ride! She looks like a million in her show togs. I tell you, you couldn't be prouder of her yourself."

"I ain't high-sterical." Patsy spanked the table with her hand. "If I winned everything there is to win, it wouldn't be enough. You got to win, too!"

Dusty's face tightened.

"You needn't say it, feller," Chance told him sharply. "I know how we stand. I know how my whole family stands. That's all right with me. And I ain't fallin' for Patsy. Not by a damn sight. But I ain't forgettin' what she done for me when I was in trouble and lit out of the state."

"Just what do you mean?"

"See? She didn't even tell you! O. K.; I'm not hashin' it over. But she went through for me same as any man would. And she ain't never even referred to it again."

"Well, she'll refer to it right now," Dusty announced heavily. "If my dad thought she was mixed up in that Frickstader affair, he'd lynch you."

"Aw, calm down," Chance cut him short. "She wasn't mixed up in it. The day I cleared out, I rid over to your ranch—lookin' for you. You had went to town. So I told Patsy I was beating it, and gave her some money. I wanted to get the money to Edith Frickstader—like it was comin' from somebody else. And Patsy done it, too. Just like you would of gone through for me."

Slowly Dusty pulled from his pocket his home-town newspaper. Folding it to a squared section, he placed it in front of Chance, tapping one paragraph with his finger.

Chance read it. He looked up, his eyes blazing. "Do you believe that was my baby?"

"It never concerned me none." Dusty shrugged. "But everybody else believes it."

"Let them!" snapped Chance. "You know damned well I wouldn't take up with the like of that Frickstader girl."

He flung the newspaper across the table.

"What did you have to show it to me for?" he exploded. "So the baby's in its coffin and Edie Frickstader is shipped off to the state bat house. O. K. She always was queer in the head, and anybody with any sense knows it."

Quietly Dusty reached over and gathered up his newspaper, tucking it back in his pocket.

Chance drew a bottle from his hip pocket. He poured a generous ounce of whisky into his hot coffee and stirred it thoughtfully.

"Seems to me," Dusty said gently, "that if I was you I'd go back to my home state and set things right in people's minds."

"Yeah?" Chance shot him a glance. "Well, you ain't me. Look," he added.

Dusty followed his gaze. His sister was hurrying toward the restaurant, bent forward against chilly winds. Youth and grace were in her long swift Indian-like pace; her carriage marked her as proud, healthy, and young. But whatever charm or beauty she might have was muffled by the shabby ill-fitting clothes she wore: the cheap straw hat, the old coat of mama's cut down to fit and trimmed with wolf that dad had trapped years before.

"Gawd, Dusty!" Chance groaned. "If you ain't got

the money, lemme buy her some duds. Only fix it like it was you doin' it."

"Nope." Dusty shook his head slowly. "She'd hound me with questions. Any money I has on me she sees to it is socked. Home or debts. She don't spend a cent herself. And she sees I don't, neither. She's right, too. You don't know how bad off our folks is. I'm tellin' you, if things wasn't in such knotty ways, I wouldn't let her be ridin' the rodeo none at all."

"Listen," Chance insisted feverishly. "Suppose I get some cloth—some kind of pretty stuff that she can make herself a suit or somethin'."

"Won't do no good." Dusty sighed. "She'd take the cloth and make herself show clothes. It sure grieves her that she ain't got more prettier cos-toomes to ride in in New York."

"All I got to say is," Chance jawed angrily, "you're a swell trainer but a rotten manager. You're afraid to let Patsy mingle with the gang. You keep her down. You can't squeeze out all that's the juice of women-folk and have any taste left. They did it one way to my maw, and another to your own maw—"

"I guess maybe you're a little drunk," Dusty said softly.

The door swung open and Patsy called out a greeting. As she approached the table she realized that the boys had been having some sort of tiff. Her smile widened as she took a place beside them.

"Won day money again," she announced with shy triumph. "Collected, too. That's why I was delayed. Went and wired home all but five dollars. It's the only way. If you wire it, you don't have it to spend. Look, Dusty!"

She tossed her straw hat on a chair beside her, opened a tiny notebook, and bent over it, proudly showing her brother her specially kept accounts.

Chance, gulping his coffee, studied Patsy Wyde. She looked tired. It occurred to him for the first time that girlhood on a ranch was tough going. Patsy couldn't be more than twenty nor over a hundred and twelve pounds; but he had seen her throw a four-hundred-pound fighting calf. He had taken her for granted throughout the years when she was branding cattle side by side with her brothers. She was pretty, too, bigod. Her red hair gleamed now in the window light. Her gray eyes were steady and knew no tricks; they looked at you straight like a man's. But her mouth was a little girl's mouth, tender, full, and soft.

"Hello, Sadie," Patsy greeted the waitress. "The usual for me."

"Nothin' doin', Sadie," Chance contradicted. "None of that hash. Bring her a steak."

"I HEARD you was in the money." Patsy smiled at Chance. "Heard you got a new car. It wouldn't be that shiny red bus outside, would it?"

"Yeah. I've been tryin' to convince Dusty you should both drive to New York with me and save money."

"Gee—why not, Dusty?"

"Can't." Dusty yawned elaborately. "The Colonel wants I should check on the stock at the freight yard."

"I could go, couldn't I?" Patsy argued softly. "I'd sure like to save that fare."

"Got room for both you and your horse," Chance offered enthusiastically. "My trailer's double, you know."

"When are you leaving?"

"Don't matter to you none when he leaves," Dusty drawled. "You ain't travelin' half across the country with any man I heard tell of yet."

"Chance ain't just any man. Bigod, I've rid circle with him. I've been lost in a snowstorm with him. I've—"

"Never mind!" Dusty shrugged. "You're growed up now. He don't drive you to New York unless he marries you."

Patsy's small face whitened under her weathered tan. She managed a short laugh. "Dusty," she said, "Chance wouldn't marry me if I was the last female in the United States. Would you, big-timer?"

"I ain't marryin' nobody," Chance drawled with elaborate nonchalance. "I wouldn't run in double harness." His eyes settled darkly on Dusty's round bland face. "But I don't like it none what you insinuated, see?"

"Oh, she'd be safe enough with you, when you was sober."

"Yeah? She'd be safe with me drunk, too. And if you say she wouldn't be, I'll knock you down so hard you'll get up in Missouri."

"I ain't sayin' she wouldn't be safe," Dusty admitted. "Bein' safe ain't all with girls. It's how things look, see? What tongues would say. And if you had a drop of gentle blood in you, you'd know that by instinc'."

With a scrape of his chair, Chance got to his feet. Patsy kicked him sharply in the shin. "Sit down!" she ordered and gave him a warning wink. "Sit down and watch me murder this here steak that's comin'."

His arrogant face softened under her smile and he sank back in his chair.

Patsy watched Chance covertly, and her gray eyes went soft as she measured every feature that was both familiar and dear to her. Growing up with a feller like that, having him her nearest neighbor and her brother's buddy, made him, somehow, a part of herself—the gay reckless part that she had never dared express.

DORA MACY

came, originally, from Boston, but was reared in Westchester County, New York. She began her public career on the stage, playing in many Broadway hits. But she is best known as a gifted writer. She has written several best sellers and numerous dramas for the screen.

TWO years ago he had ridden off in disgrace and never come back. The whole countryside threatened vengeance on him if he ever returned. But always in her heart Patsy considered him as innocent of that Frickstader scandal as of most of the other sins that were laid at his door. Not until this year, when she and Dusty had at last joined up with the big-time shows, had she seen Chance again. And seeing him, she knew that she loved him—had loved him all her life. Just as she loved him now, stinging under a fancied insult, struggling for his habitual taunting air. Eyes black as death, but restless, as if they never slept. Hair blue-black as an Indian's, straight and harsh. Always the easy swaggering smile.

"If you can't drive me," she chattered, "you can drive my horse. Save me that much, anyways."

"Sure," Chance agreed laconically.

A horn that only Dusty marked sounded outside the lunchroom. He stood up with elaborate calm. "I got to go," he announced offhandedly. "The gang will be pilin' in here any minute. Monk Raleigh is comin'. Wants to talk to you, Patsy, about some of the New York rules. You're to stay with Monk until it's time to go to the show."

"You mean you ain't comin' tonight?"

"I got a little errand."

Again the horn shattered the air. Patsy leaned toward the window and peered. "That's Mildred Graham!" she said incredulously.

"She was his little errand this aft, too," Chance gibed. "First time in my seven years of rodeoing I ever knew Dusty to miss a show unless he was in a hospital."

"What does she want?" Patsy demanded.

"All right, I'll tell you." Dusty sighed with forbearance. "She and me went out to look at property this afternoon. We couldn't find it. So we got cold and stopped at a little roadhouse. Mildred she went to the washroom and left her engagement ring there. She didn't realize it until after we was miles off and it was too late to go back. We're going back now to get it, is all. So as not to make Hector Ryon mad. If she was to lose the engagement ring he give her, it would make him good and mad, and he might blame me because of I was with her at the time. It wouldn't do no bit of good for the new publicity man to be sore against me. So you can see for yourselves, we got to go get that ring."

"Pretty neat work," said Chance.

Patsy turned a small determined face to her brother.

"Run along, bro," she said, "and make it the last trip with that jane. I'm tellin' you straight, Dusty. Ever since we left home and went rodeoing together, I've done everything you've told me. I've obeyed you like I obeyed

dad. You've trained me and put me through the works. I'm set for championship in New York and bigod I'm going to win it. I ain't lettin' anything stop me. It took us two years of little small-time shows to get this far. And in all that time you ain't let me out of your sight. You ain't let me make any friends or mix up with the gang. O. K.; I don't mind that. I don't give spit for this hell-raisin' crowd. All I want is to win enough money to get the ranch out of debt and start a new herd. Then I'll go back home where I belong, and stay there!"

"All right! All right!" Dusty placated her. "You needn't get high-sterical."

"I ain't high-sterical. I'm just puttin' it on the line." Patsy spanked the table with her hand. "If I winned everything there is to win, it wouldn't be enough. You got to win, too! You only winned twice in Indianapolis. That won't do, see? You ain't got your mind on your work since you met up with that blonde."

"Holy hoss, if you think—"

"Shut up!" clipped Patsy. "I don't talk often, but when I do you're goin' to listen. Dusty Wyde used to be champeen year after year. You smash your ankle and you're out of it. It takes you two long years to climb back to the big time. What's happened to you? You're high on everybody's books. You don't drink or smoke; you don't even swear, or dance, or gamble, or fight, or run around with janes. So, for the first time in your life, you fall for a girl. And what do you pick?"

"You don't understand!"

"YOU pick yourself a highflier, that's what you pick! A rich city girl who does and says things you'd cut my throat for me if I did or said. She ain't your kind or your speed, and what's more she's engaged to somebody else. She's noted for a bunch of fancy scandals—and you're going to find yourself one of them!"

"I've had enough of this." Dusty straightened up.

"So have I," Patsy topped him. "That's the whole point. Go on out and do your little errand with her. And kiss her good-by once and for all. And if you don't, I ain't goin' to play the game accordin' to your rules no more. That's that!" She sat back, her pale face defiant, her gray eyes a threat. Once more the blast of an automobile horn jarred through them.

"Go ahead, Dusty," Patsy said softly.

For a moment he seemed loath to leave her. Then he turned on his high heels and stalked out of the restaurant, his spurs jingling with every step. Patsy looked down at her hands, knotted in her lap, and Chance, watching her, knew she was struggling against tears.

"First time we ever quarreled, Dusty and me," she mourned.

Through the window she watched her brother climb into the car beside the New York blonde who had caused

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Bob: "Of course I am. We had a blow-out, didn't we? And I've been warned time and again that I needed new, safe tires."

* * *

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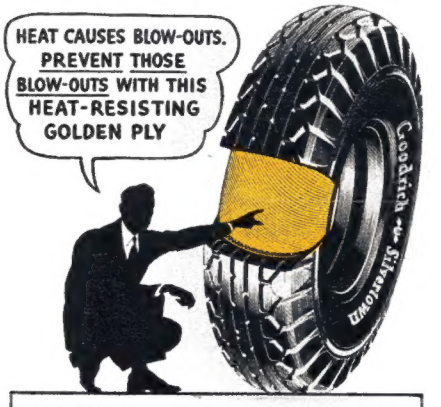

AVOID FLAT TIRES THIS WINTER

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Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Do your bit to prevent accidents. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—*free*—a handsome emblem with a red reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

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With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

all the trouble. Mildred Graham was beautiful. Furred, jeweled, vivid, petite, she seemed everything that the movies ran on for reels about. Patsy knew the price of a good ranch was in Mildred's coat, because Patsy knew furs.

"He lets her call him lambie!" she mourned. "Can you match that for a pet name for a cowboy? *Lambie!*"

"Aw, let him have his fling," Chance argued good-naturedly. "He's been woman-proof all his life."

"But he's so dumb!" Patsy sighed. "He's a sure enough wizard with critters, but outside of that he's awful simple-minded."

"Just the same," Chance said anxiously, "don't you break trainin' with him. You're pretty green yourself."

"I know I am," she said dully. "Green and ig'orant. That gets clearer every day."

"Aw, come off. You got the blues. You're as smart a kid as they come. Only you ain't been around. And you're no match for this crowd."

"Don't I know it?" Patsy sighed unhappily. "I got too much to learn too fast. After all, until two years ago I'd never been out of my own county. This here is the first real big city I've ever seed. I don't know how to act or how to do. And all anybody does is laugh at me when I make mistakes. It's got me waspy!"

"Aw, for Trinity's sake!" Chance grinned. "You're lettin' them get you down. I'll tell you what's the matter with you. It's the miserable way you live, squeezin' every cent. About all you do is feed yourself, and that ain't right. You ought to go out and buy a lot of pretties. Go to them beauty saloons and let them sizzle you up."

"But, Chance—"

"I know. You don't have to tell me. I know your dad's like to lose the ranch. I know your maw's in the hospital. I know you're in debt. But what of it? You put too high a store on winnin'. Money don't mean a thing. I ought to know. My old man's got more than his share, and there ain't nobody alive gives a holy damn about him."

Patsy eyed Chance, marking the bitterness that washed over his face every time he spoke of his father. She couldn't tell Chance that old Seth Wagner had long ago refused dad a loan, and had gloried in making the refusal insulting because dad had always treated Wagner like the crook he suspected him of being. No use telling Chance that Old Man Wagner had bought the mortgage and the leaseholds on dad's ranch and was determined to send the Wydes packing from their own land.

THERE must have been some strange unexplained circumstance about Mrs. Wagner's death, because her fifteen-year-old son had forbidden his father to be at the funeral—and the old man had backed down. Chance had lit out shortly afterward; he had quit riding cattle and gone in for the easy money of dude wrangling, movie doubling, and rodeoing, returning home only when he was broke. The first time Chance came home, he had shown his father his marksmanship, hitting every one of fourteen nails in a fence. The Wagner ranch was one of the richest in all Montana, but nobody had any respect for its owner. Folks always said it was damned funny in the old days to ride through his range and find one cow with three or four calves. Nothing had ever been proved up on Wagner, but Patsy could imagine how it felt to have a dad who was looked upon with contumely.

She leaned across the table and gave Chance's hand a slight squeeze. "You needn't worry about me. I'm just beefing because I'm tired and mixed up. And as for my clothes, you can quit fussin' about that, too. I'm knittin' myself a suit. Maybe when you see me wear it you'll think me something out of a song again."

"I'll—what?" Chance repeated, puzzled.

"Don't you remember, Chance? You said back in Sheridan, when I'd finished my trick ridin'—you said you never knewed I was pretty before. You said I looked like somethin' out of a song."

His black eyes became forbidding and he worked up a hearty guffaw. "Cripes!" he said. "I must of had a snootful."

She looked away, hurt, battling against any show of how deeply he wounded her. She more than half hated herself for loving Chance so unreasonably, for being happy that he sought her out with growing frequency. But it seemed almost as if he wanted her to hear the worst about him—wanted her to think bad of him and quit caring. How any one could drink as he did and then go into the arena and outguess a bronc was beyond Patsy. But even when he was bingeing, she couldn't rid herself of faith in him, feeling that he was deliberately denying his real self. She had told him that a week ago, and he had just pushed past her. But she knew it had landed. He knew she loved him. Patsy didn't believe in being coy about it. But her love didn't seem to matter to him—and probably never would.

HE got to his feet. "Got to push off," he said.

He crossed to the counter to settle his bill, and Patsy gazed out the window with a brooding look. She recognized a number of the cowboys heading toward the lunchroom, and flinched, dreading to face them. When Dusty was around, they left her severely alone as a rule. But when they found her alone they teased her unmercifully.

Just past the first group of boys she caught sight of a blocky squat figure that brought her suddenly to her senses. Monk Raleigh, coming to meet her like Dusty said. Monk was one of the three rodeo judges. From the very start of the season he had bothered her, but so far she had handled him fairly well. But already Patsy had begun to fear there was more than fun and daring in Monk's flypaper eyes. She couldn't appeal to Dusty. There'd be a sure-enough fight and both Wydes would be thrown out of the shows—probably ruled out for a year. Besides, Dusty thought highly of Monk; he often checked Patsy with Monk Raleigh, confident he was leaving her in good care. She turned to Chance now. "I'll go with you," she said, "and help you load the horses."

"See if I care," he nodded amiably, and together they faced the wind in the streets.

"I'll be glad," Patsy sighed wistfully as Chance started the car, "when Dusty can afford hisself an automobile again. This is right pretty. You sure like red, don't you?" Her eyes met his steadily. "I wish I was drivin' with you, Chance."

For a moment his eyes widened and he leaned toward her. Then he straightened and gazed intently through the windshield. "You'd be a damn nuisance," he said shortly. "I only ast you out of charity."

Her chin went up and she too studied the traffic with absorption. He drew up at the stock entrance of the arena. A spattering of rain freckled their windshield.

She put her hand suddenly on his. "Chance, I wish you wouldn't drink none on this trip. Anything might happen." He shut off his motor. "Patsy," he said, "the biggest trouble with womenfolk is that they like promises. If you don't think Gabriel will be safe with me, you can ship him by train."

"Bigod, Chance," she flared, "you make me sore. I'd trust you with any critter alive. It ain't that, and you know it. I worry about you, is all."

"You're a hog for worry, then," he chuckled. "Listen. I ain't never ast nobody to worry about me."

"O. K., cowboy," she said coldly and climbed out of the car. His grin faded as he watched her march into the building without as much as a glance back at him. His face went soft and his dark eyes clouded. He went out of his way to hurt the kid, and she always came back for more. It wasn't easy to convince her he was a louse. Take that time she got money to the Frickstader girl for him. Not one friend in a million would carry through for a fellow in a spot like that as Patsy had—without ever referring to the matter again. But Chance knew she expected an explanation. And some day he would tell her.

No, he wouldn't—he'd be damned if he would! Let her think what she liked. Who cared what she thought?

He climbed out of his car into the thickening rain, greeted the boys in the yard, and set about hitching his trailer to the new red Buick. It was a strong pen he had built himself to trail his horses from city to city. The rodeo supplied all the wild stock used in the shows, for which the contestants drew every night; but any rider who competed in events where a trained horse was needed had to bring his own pony with him and foot all expenses. Chance's big black Stinger was famous for his timing.

With his trailer hitched, Chance went to check out Stinger.

"Gonna have company, feller," he told the horse confidentially as he loaded him in. "Wisht I was."

He thought of Patsy atop of Gabriel. Straight, easy, graceful, strong! Golly, did she cut a picture to lift a man up—with her big happy grin when she sat a bronc that pitched and reared, kicked and smashed, trying to rid himself of her. "Aw, hell!" he muttered, and turned to fetch his saddle, blankets, and ropes.

When he was packed in, he rolled himself a cigarette. Patsy was taking a powerfully long time. Maybe she had one of her redheaded tempers and didn't intend to come back. Well, who cared? The answer to that one was easy. *He* cared. Like all hell. He cared so much that his days and nights were choked with thoughts of her.

SHE rode out across the yard on Gabriel now, swung off her horse and handed him a yellow envelope. "Telegram for you," she said quietly. He nodded and moved back to one of the open sheds, tearing the envelope.

With practiced hands Patsy began to load her own things into the trailer, unsaddling Gabriel, adjusting his blinders carefully. But she watched Chance as he read his wire. She saw his whole figure stiffen; saw him fill his chest slowly with air and read the message again.

Chance turned, peering at his car and trailer with puzzled eyes, almost as if they were of no further use to him. Then he tore the telegram into small pieces and scattered them. He walked over to her. "Well," he said tonelessly, "guess I'm ready to shove off."

"Guess you are."

He climbed into the car—felt her hand on his arm and turned with a deliberate smile.

"Good-by, Chance," she said wistfully. "Half my life I've been sayin' good-by to you or waitin' for you to come home. Kinda funny, ain't it?"

He nodded. He saw her eyes were misty and that her mouth quivered, and understood the loneliness she felt. "Listen, kid," he told her huskily. "I wish you'd chuck them ideas about me. You and me, we been neighbors. Friends. And that's all. I ain't got a friend in the world that matters. See? I need a friend, Patsy. Sweethearts is cheap. Understand me?"

She managed a full smile. "Sure enough!"

She watched him as he wheeled his car and trailer out of the yards and turned down the street. She cleared her throat loudly. He'd cut a figure, she'd bet, in every town he hit!

Patsy would have waved good-by with even more regret, could she have known what awaited her on the Cowboy Special, with its carousing trainload, hell-bent for the New York rodeo. The Special starts off with a bang in next week's fast-moving installment. Be sure to climb aboard!

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Beautiful Rainbow Falls, on the Island of Hawaii, as they appear after heavy rains. In dry weather they dwindle to a single stream about 100 feet in height.

MORTON'S SALT

Moonlit Garden

"You-all don't ride a pine woods that way; you ride

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 1 SECOND

THE road ran south; a straight silver ribbon, it looked ahead.

And, steady gray eyes fixed on it, Randall Page considered how directly his every thought turned to Anne Arnold, who had the power to make the only warmth his heart would ever know.

Had she changed? he wondered hungrily. A year's a right long time. Wandering, he'd learned that.

He drew a deep, satisfied breath. At the side of the way were crape myrtles, with boles as smooth as a lady's cheek, their bark hinting green and gray. They meant a lot to Randall Page, for they were a part of home. Home, that combination of clustered pine trees, and flat bare stretches, and old places with their formal gardens, and marshland into which the sea poked curled wet fingers.

Duck shootin', ridin', lookin' over your stables and place now and again and maybe givin' an order—that was life, and a good one if you were born to the tempo. Ran Page had been, and, he said often and languidly, he didn't hold to hurry.

He breathed deeply of an air that held a hint of salt in it and a blend of flower fragrance that meant the soul of some one's garden was riding on the wind. Scents carried far, Ran knew. Half a world away from Anne Arnold, he had smelled honeysuckle blossoms, with a thought of her.

Had she changed a right considerable lot, maybe? he wondered yet again. He hoped so, on a sharply indrawn breath. He wanted her changed just enough to take in how he felt about her.

He'd left her at nineteen, because she'd been mighty young in heart and mind. She wasn't fixed then to understand what love could mean to a man who'd been waiting thirty-two years for love to come to him—to a dolt who'd been piling it up for her, and who didn't realize what was happening until it had happened. He didn't want to hurry her growing up, for he knew that could hurt; and some men don't kill the thing they love, and he was one of them.

It had begun years back, when she, called by that section a "po' li'l' mite," had come to live with her grandmother and grandfather, whose place edged Ran's. Mother, father had been killed in one of those terrible motor accidents, but she—"po' li'l' mite"—and the chauffeur hadn't been much hurt, it was said. Ran felt this couldn't be true. He reckoned the "po' li'l' mite" would feel a thing like that right deep.

"I'll get her a doll," he thought.

Ran found the old people, as he knew he would, starched stiff with their resolve not to sadden those they met with their own trouble, and he sat talking polite and nice to Mr. and Mrs. Burham Lee Arnold before their granddaughter who'd come to live along with them was called in.

She was sweet spoken and obedient, Mrs. Arnold reported, but maybe for a child a mite quiet; and because this edged the subject that was better not to mention, she

by KATHARINE HAVILAND-

Alive with the Charm of Dixie — A Tender Tale of Youth and a Heart that Waited for Romance

'em lazy and smell 'em deep," Ran said. "Not me!" said Mr. Dean.

added hastily, "Do you smell the honeysuckle vines, Ran?"

And he answered, "Yes, ma'am; it seems like it's mighty sweet this year to me." And his young eyes brimmed, because they were so brave and he was so sorry for 'em. And he was savoring the scent of the honeysuckle when he saw the little thing through a salt mist.

She stood at the doorway, young for the black she wore, and frightened, Ran saw. But she made a pretty bow and she settled on a stool, where she sat silent, staring at the hands clasped too tightly on her knees.

Ran gave her the big box, and when he saw she couldn't untie the knotted cord he knelt by her to help her.

He said, "I live hard by and I'm hopin' you'll do me the great honor of eatin' your supper along with me right regular, honey."

"Yes," she said, nodding hard.

"Say, 'Yes, thank you, Mr. Randall,'" prompted Mrs. Arnold, "and thank him kindly for that lovely doll!"

"Nev' mind, ma'am," he said quickly. "We understand each other right well, don't we, honey?"

"Yes," she answered, nodding even harder than she had before, and looking her love for him right at him with the biggest bluest eyes he'd ever looked in.

"Looks to me like we'd make out to be friends," he added, smiling down on her; and he felt her pressing even more tightly against him, and he vowed then to do all he could for her. And he kept the vow.

When she struck seventeen he knew she was going to be a beauty. And the fact bothered him vaguely, for boys would buzz around her and he'd have to look them up and ask around about them, and it would be a sight of trouble. The one who got her would have to be good enough, for she was a thoroughbred. He'd known that since she was nine, when she'd catch her breath seeing a motor, shake, stiffen, say primly, "It's a nice day, to my mind," or something like that way off from her real frightened feeling.

When she was nineteen he found the realest trouble of her growing up, and it was personal. She'd stopped by that night to have her supper along with him—it was a Tuesday—and everything was regular and easy and nice until they settled on the porch. She on the top step, he in a chair that was shaded by one of those columns that ran two stories of his house. She sat in the moonlight, watching slippery clouds sliding softly across the moon.

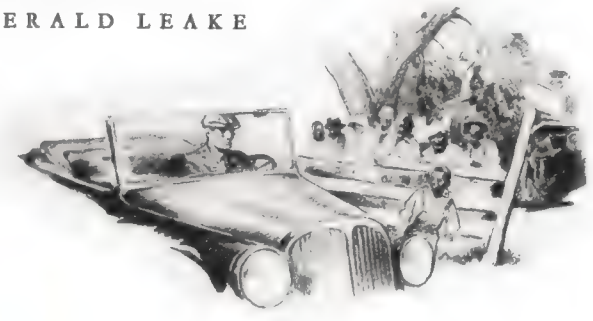
"Right nice here on the po'ch this evenin', accordin' to my mind," she said.

Yes, it was right nice, he agreed, looking at her.

"Ran," she said dreamily.

"Yes, honey?"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GERALD LEAKE



TAYLOR

"You know, you listened to my plans to be a missionary and a nurse in a leper colony, and a great pianist, and a circus rider, and, land, I don't know what all—"

"Yeah—"

"Well, I s'pose—it won't be anything like that."

"What you fixin' to do now, honey?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," she answered, and he knew she lied and that she was thinking of some one to walk a moonlit garden with her; and suddenly jealousy burned in him, a raging flame. When it died he was sweating and staring at hands gripped hard between his knees. For it wasn't fair to look his longing for her at her from a shadow. No, it wouldn't be right unless she'd want him to.

"Get away and stay away until she grows up," he thought.

"Oh, Ran!" she murmured, entranced. "Do you feel that—that queer want for something you can't name—from the moon shinin'?"

"Sometimes," he replied, careful to keep his voice level. The thing had got him as quick as a good hound dog grabs a rabbit to shake him with a hound-dog shake, and the shake had been in his voice.

"To take you into my arms," he thought; and then, "But I mustn't think it until she knows and is willing."

She rose quickly to settle in a chair near his. "Ran," she said, "you know I tell yo' everything!"

"Um-hum."

"And, Ran, some moonlit nights I feel that queer and strange! A-dreamin' some one—I can't see his face—is in love with me, and how he acts."

"Reckon that's human," he said, and he sounded quite natural. But—he wasn't feeling so!

"Is it?" she asked, and he could hear her relief; and that he'd given her a good deal of light for one dark lane or another, he knew. And he hoped it was something.

"It's the human who can't dream of love who's got his right to a smart load of shame," he went on, "not the one who can."

"I see!" she said, and he saw she'd been troubling herself deep about the whole thing.

Now, with the road open, she was eager to tell him of her ecstatic dreams. "I've even planned out what I'm goin' to wear when this gentleman asks me nice, Ran. It's a powder-blue silk dress with rosebuds woven into it, and he's goin' to be a right tall man—"

Well, come down to it, he was right tall, Ran realized; and his heart rose.

"Where's all this goin' to take place?" he asked, knowing her well.

"In your box garden," she answered, "on account of gran'father steppin' to our po'ch, like he does, and tellin' for me to come in and out of the night air and away from malaria."

"And where shall I be, honey?" he asked, a little edge to his voice.

"Oh, a-sittin' in your library with your drink and your dog," she responded casually.

HE drove her home that night as usual, and very slowly; for fear was still in her that had come to her at nine, when she and a chauffeur weren't much hurt. And after he'd escorted her up the steps of her grandpapa's porch, she raised her face, as she always did, to kiss him good night. And riding home he knew he'd have to take off in more of a hurry than he usually met up with. For if he stayed he reckoned he'd be the one to tell her about it, in his box garden; for no man can hold back more than so long, even if he's a good strong rider.

In bed he considered a year of life away from Anne. He didn't sleep that night.

Now, the year and the drive home done. A black buck, all his white teeth gleaming in the hot sun, lowered the bars of the gate, and Randall Page, turning his car into his drive, was—home!

KATHARINE HAVILAND-TAYLOR

is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in Mankato, Minn. She has written hundreds of short stories and many novels. "Go through it bravely," she advises young authors, "and without agonies when the manuscripts all act like homing pigeons. There are reasons!"

Same old mahogany trees stretching cloud-high, their long brown knotted pods on the ground beneath them saying late summer, and the sparse grass saying it too. Jezebel sniffing him on the breeze and like to go crazy, and old Sarah, who'd reared Randall up, moaning her joy on the step. And other house servants crowding on the porch, and some of the field hands hanging over the bars and shouting, "Hearty welcome!"

It was good!

He paused to let Jezebel, his favorite of all the dogs, have her fit of happiness out, smiling down on her as she made clumsy uncertain circles around him. The old bitch had held out for his coming home, and he was mighty glad.

He was impatient to bathe, change, and to telephone Anne; but Jezebel was slow mounting the steps and he waited so as not to hurry her—a real lady if ever was one.

Dust washed away, and in home clothes, white, he ordered a right strong julep—for he needed one—and he telephoned Anne.

"Oh, Ran!" he heard her say ecstatically, and he closed his eyes. And then he caught his breath, for she didn't want him to stop by to pick her up, nor to call on her at her house, but she wanted, she said, to come and meet him in his box garden.

He couldn't make out to sit down waiting her, but instead he strode paths where bricks were painted with the green that is moss, and where green of every sort smelled loud of growing. He stooped to pick a leaf from a rose-geranium plant, and he was crushing it between unsteady fingers when he saw her—coming.

"OH, Ran!" she called. "Oh, Ran!" And she was in his arms, laughing and crying a little and getting them mixed, and saying she'd missed him, it had been so long! And how was he?

The thick boles of old trees shook for him; a serpentine wall writhed; even the ground on which he stood rose and fell and rose again.

"Aren't you going to kiss me, Ran?" she asked suddenly, cold with a fright she didn't quite understand. It had seemed like he didn't want to!

"If—you're so minded, honey. You're—a young lady now," he managed to get out somehow.

"Why, if you want to, Ran."

He smiled a little, and kissed her. And in the earthquake that followed he missed her explanation: "I've known you these years!"

They moved to their bench, where he'd helped her with lessons and smoothed the road for her in other ways now and again, and she slipped her hand in his and he could feel her pressing near—and he couldn't say a thing.

"Ran, I've grown up!"

"I—I noticed that."

"I want you to look at me."

He was willing, but he couldn't say so.

"You see I have changed?" she probed on, smiling and flushing after he had turned to stare down on her—still a mighty little thing but—different. He nodded, not trusting himself to words yet.

"You were away so long!" she went on.

He managed to get out a right level "Yes." She'd never be able to know how long it had been for him, he reckoned. He turned her hand in his, looking down on it; wanting to hold it against his cheek and lips as—a start. And then—without knowing he was going to do it, he found his arm around her, and she turned her head to hide her face against his shoulder, and he sat there, staring hard ahead and shaking. And through the turmoil he knew that he'd never dreamed enough, when he couldn't help the dreaming—and that this was lovelier than any dream could be. He closed his eyes. He opened them. It was—true!

She whispered, "Ran, I couldn't write you about him."

He never could remember the rest of that long day.

Then began for Ran a queer six weeks of time in which he saw little things clearly, as he'd realize looking back, to miss the big ones. He'd see, for instance, a green lizard scuttling across the garden walk, beady eyes bright in the autumn sunlight; see it hours after he'd heard its moving rustle. And again, he might trot his horse right past a good neighbor without giving the greeting you would give a neighbor and friend.

He rode and thought a lot, and got nowhere for all his going.

He guessed there was nothing for him to do but to go away again for some spell. But first he'd have to look over this Mr. George Dean of round New York. He'd reckoned from the start he'd have to look over the man she chose mighty careful, and he was going through with it. Had to!

And he tried hard to like Mr. George Dean, but he couldn't understand some of his omissions or condone some of his acts. Instead of writing her, he telegraphed her; and writing a love message that public way was to Ran blasphemy. Too, he'd wanted to send a ring to Anne; but she'd written no, she wanted him to put it on her finger. Well, Ran reckoned that should get a man's legs to moving right swift. But he wired he couldn't make out to fix his business affairs so he could get away.

He hadn't been near Anne for more than two months, important business keeping him North. But Ran couldn't see what could be so important as getting to know a young lady you were going to marry, and getting her to know you, so she wouldn't be shy or frightened when she came to going away with you, as she would.

IT was a wet mid-October afternoon when Anne rode over to tell Ran that George was coming.

He was in the library with his drink and his dog, as she'd thought he might be while she was getting herself proposed to in his box garden. A low fire burned there on the hearth, and it warmed the browns of the leather-bound books and the rich colors of old portraits. A breeze from the bay, just down a piece, made a drying vine scratch against a windowpane.

Ran rose as Jeb ushered her in. Her habit was wet, Ran saw.

"Ran," she said, "I came first to you to tell you the big news. He's comin' tomorrow. This time he promised me he wouldn't fail me."

"I hope he won't," he said heavily as he drew a chair closer to the fire for her.

She settled, sighing happily, repeating that her first thought had been to tell him first. Politely he thanked her, and, arms on knees, he leaned to the fire, staring into it. She studied him, and her eyes grew big and dark with pain. It seemed like she hadn't had a sight of the real Ran since he'd come home, and my, she missed him! It was queer, how she lay awake thinking of how Ran used to be instead of thinking of

What are the 8 "MUSTS" doctors demand of a laxative?

YOUR doctor's deepest concern is your health. And any medicinal product even remotely connected with your health assumes great importance in his mind.

You will discover, for instance, that physicians have a definite standard of requirements for a laxative before giving it their approval. Read these 8 points carefully. They are very important.

WHAT DOCTORS REQUIRE OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

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Ex-Lax checks on every point the doctor looks for in a laxative. Not merely on one or two. But on *all* the points that the medical profession includes in its code. You can have no better proof of the confidence Ex-Lax enjoys than the fact that many physicians use it in their own homes.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

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Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
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FEMININE HYGIENE made easy

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

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● **A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."**

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS for modern feminine hygiene

©N. P. CO. 1936 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

George. She reasoned it wasn't quite right, maybe; but it went right on. The difference in him stiffened her, she guessed, 'cause she couldn't talk as she once had to him. And this filled her with things she couldn't tell any one else and made her downright sad.

Riding home, there was more wet on her cheeks than came from the soft slow silver rain of that autumn day—a rain that turned the tree trunks dark and sad-looking.

On the following early afternoon Ran heard a plane humming over the Arnolds' ten-acre pasture and he reckoned Mr. George Dean was about to arrive. And how would Anne take to planes, who still stiffened, to hide her shudder, if you didn't crawl a motorcar? he wondered, hearing the loud noise of that plane; mighty loud in that section, usually so quiet.

At four they stopped by and Ran looked him over. Ran had friends of Northern birth he liked, but he wouldn't like this one, ever, he knew. Mr. Dean was the kind who acted like he had the whole hive in his riding pants, and Anne was exhausted.

She sank, sighing, into a deep chair. "Didn't get to take my nap," she said; "an' I rode with George, a-rushin' through the pine woods like he was goin' to some fire."

Ran said, sullen as he could be with 'em in his house, "You-all don't ride a pine woods that way; you ride 'em lazy and smell 'em deep."

"Not me!" said Mr. Dean, hogging the fire, back to it, switching his riding crop against his legs like he was after moths.

Anne looked at George and smiled at George. "Ran," she said, without looking away from George, "don't you want to see my ring?" And he didn't, but he looked at it. It was mighty big and new-looking.

"Slipped that on her finger before I was out of the plane!" said Mr. Dean.

And a pilot lookin' on, thought Ran. The man was a savage. He'd asked Anne, Ran knew, on the station platform at the Junction and as the train whistled in. He just hadn't nice feelings.

MR. DEAN started violently. Both Anne and Ran, unused to quick motions, looked surprised. But he wanted to telephone the telegraph office, he said, to see whether there was a wire for him there. He added casually that his mother had been really quite ill when he left and that the nurse had promised to wire. Ran couldn't look at Anne.

When Mr. Dean came back he said, "Hasn't come, but probably will later. Come along, Anne; time we started."

And they started off like they were shot from cannons.

Ran subsided to his chair, weak as a barn cat after a fit. Jezebel laid her head on his knee and he pulled her ears with fingers a little shaky. For he reckoned Anne would be done with him for all time, after his objecting as he would have to. For he wasn't the man for her, this Mr. George Dean. He was built for speed; Anne wasn't, and she'd be bruised by haste, Ran knew.

On the following morning Ran heard the plane take off. Mr. George Dean had been with her not quite twenty-four hours, he realized. And at eleven he took a stiff drink and started on foot across the fields to the Arnolds' place—fields this day warmed by the sun.

Anne, he found, was still seeing George Dean; but she agreed to a walk in her grandfather's woods with him, and they started out.

"Ran," she said, "I'm glad you stepped over, for I've somethin' to say to you that I'd like to get off my mind. I don't want to hurt you."

ON the slippery wood path they paused, facing each other, looking at each other—he down, she up.

"He doesn't want me to go callin' on you no more alone," she said.

He stiffened.

"He said you were a heap better-lookin' than I'd reported, and not old like I said; and he bet, he said, you'd broken many a heart. And—it was queer—I'd never thought of that. Have you?"

"Do you think I would?" he asked frigidly. He'd never been more hurt. If she didn't know him after all this while! Well, there was no teaching a woman anything if she didn't know.

But she didn't feel his pain any more. She said only, "So I won't be seein' you at your house."

He drew a deep breath; he began to speak. He had to tell her that Mr. George Dean wasn't a gentleman or he'd know a gentleman, seeing him. He said: "I know you. He's not the one for you. He's tryin' to take from you things that give you your pleasure, like little calls to my house—where you're as safe as you'd ever be anywhere, as he should know. He pressed his suit on a station platform; he gave you your ring in the sight of a pilot—for all he knew, low-born and no gentleman in that or any other way that can make 'em so, without birth. He don't come here to see you. You're not near so important as his makin' money. Money! My land, child, can't you see—"

But she couldn't. She was blazing anger. Her chin high, she said with dangerous quiet, "If you'll be so good, sir, as to absent yourself from my grandfather's estate, I shall be more than obliged."

He stood looking after her furiously stiff little back. "Anne?" he whispered. "Anne?"

Then he went dragging home.

He was going away again when he could get himself to making arrangements. On the last day of December he decided he would take off somewhere early in the year, and because he knew he'd never come back again to find Jezebel near, he whistled her after him and into the sunlight for a little stroll, walking very slowly toward his slice of woods, where there was a road the neighbors sometimes

used if they were needing a short cut.

And here, in the winter brown of the woods, he stood at the side of the way, really smiling at Jezebel, young again from scenting a woodchuck. She was circling the road. But he never gave that a thought, for nobody rushed that way. They edged carefully to the turn near by and tooted before they rounded it.

He stepped homeward a little way, perhaps thirty feet, and whistled Jezebel, for she'd had all the cavorting she could stand. And it was while he was standing there, half amused and half annoyed by her lack of obedience, that the car came tearing around the road bend.

He shouted loudly, but there wasn't any use. He slipped from his coat, running; and he laid it on the ground, and Jezebel on it; and picking her up, whining her pain, he looked at Anne Arnold and George Dean. Anne, he saw, was white from swift riding and—Jezebel. And George Dean was sullen from being wrong.

"Mr. Dean, I'll meet you anywhere you care to name," he said, and then he turned and hurried frantically toward his house and gun. He had to shoot her, he knew, and quick. He talked to her, and tears ran down his tanned cheeks as he talked; and when she managed to lick his hand, he made a sound that men don't usually make.

At six that night he dug a grave in the nicest corner of the garden his great-grandmother had laid out, and the winter moon was already showing a little on it.

HE sat by his library fire, the drink at hand, but no dog. And this night he was to see the New Year in, and she'd always sat with him to wait its coming. So many years she'd sat waiting it with him! No other dog on the place knew how. Jezebel had been his dog; Anne had been his little girl; and life was a queer thing sometimes.

He began to pace his floor, planning to meet Mr. George Dean, who could choose fists or guns or what he pleased —Ran didn't give a damn. And he felt better for planning to avenge a lady's honor. "He won't — forget it!" he said aloud. And then Jeb appeared at the doorway.

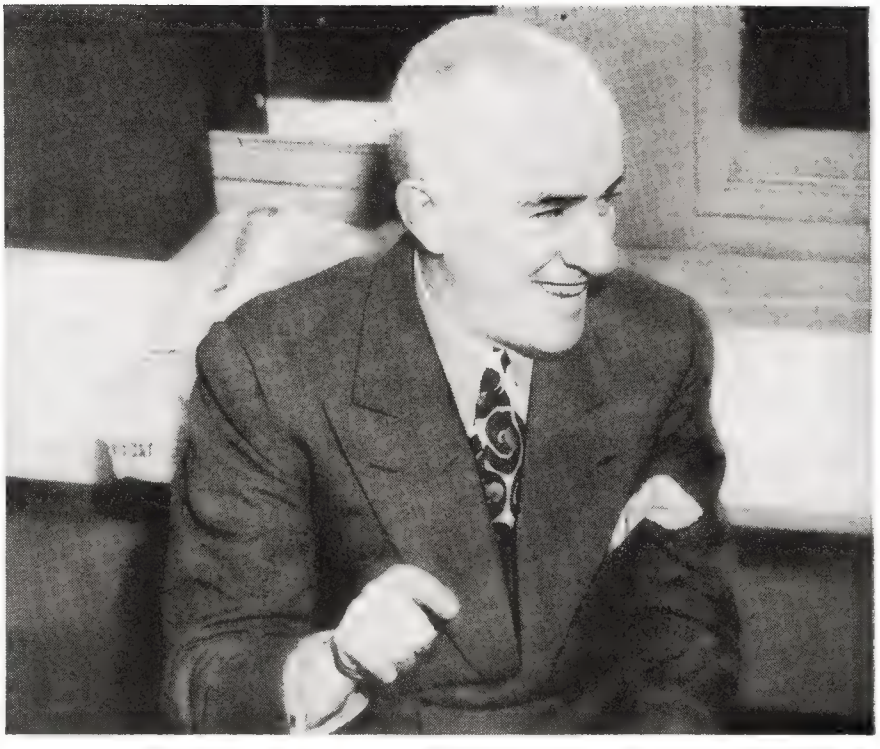
"Miss Anne," said Jeb, and sidled away; and she appeared. She wore a powder-blue dress with rosebuds woven into it, Ran saw when he took her cloak. And now—she was grown up and no mistake. She looked up at him, straight and proud, as she said, "If you'll hear my few words, Ran, please?"

And bowing he said, "Of course," and he drew a chair closer to the fire for her.

"He's—gone!" she said. "He was afraid to meet you. You were right."

He said nothing.

"Ran, he was takin' a short cut, and no reason for haste, but tearin' 'long—and he knew I felt bad when he ran his car fast. And I asked him not to drive on your land, because—until that happened I was angry at



Where the Canaries Sing Bass

—and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters

***by* "Bugs" Baer, Famous Author and Humorist**

AN UNGRATEFUL child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. But it is dull compared with a Gillette Blade, which is so keen that a giant lightning bug couldn't find its edge even if he had two tails.

I am Mayor of Rufftown, which is so tough the canary birds sing bass and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters. Nobody in our town ever shaved until the Gillette Blade was invented. Now we all shave twice a day, including the children, Aunt Ella and the iron deer on the front lawn.

But don't forget, nobody wants to saw his whiskers with a blade that is rougher than a lumberjack's table manners and duller than a lecture on the medicinal properties of slippery elm. That's where the Gillette Blade comes in. We'd get rich if we had the edge on contract bridge like Gillette has the edge on the rest of the blade world.

We all want nice, smooth, enjoyable shaves and we've all got a right to them. The Constitution of the United States guarantees that in the paragraph about the pursuit of happiness.

To get the lowdown on this shaving thing, I took a cruise through the Gillette factory in Boston recently and watched a blade go through 180 minor steps so that a shave would not be a major operation. I discovered there isn't any microscope powerful enough to see the shaving edges of a Gillette Blade.

I have been using Gillette Blades for twenty five years, man and boy, so I ought to know what I'm talking about when I say that the Gillette Blade gives the world's cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

* * *

In his inimitably humorous way, "Bugs" Baer certainly has hit the nail right on the head. Like Frank Buck, Grantland Rice, Graham McNamee and many other famous men, he agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest that science can produce. If you have strayed away from Gillette Blades, may we suggest that you now buy a package, and get ready for a new thrill in shaving! You will be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles without pull or irritation. This is because the Gillette Blade is especially processed for shaving tender faces. Buy a package today. Slip one into your razor tomorrow morning and see why millions of men will use no other blade.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

Tune in on Gillette's sensational new radio program—CBS network—Coast to Coast—Sunday night—10 P. M. E.S.T.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

You may spend a far more *comfortable* winter if you begin to build good general resistance *now*

There may no longer be a need to go through some of the discomfort of past winters! This year make an effort to prepare yourself *ahead.*

January and February are the months you're most likely to be affected. These are the "peak months" for winter discomforts, according to recent findings.

Often, the reason so many people fail to get through this season in comfort is because they've used up their reserve forces during the first bad weather, and by January their general *resistance* is low.

The sensible thing for you, then, is to take precautions this year in advance. Start with *Adex!* It will help you build good general resistance, a little every day.

With Adex, you get the benefits of Vitamin A, a known help toward good general resistance. Also extra 'sunshine' Vitamin D for this trying season.

To prepare Adex only *natural* sources of the vitamins are used, such as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil.

Take Adex *every day*. That's how to benefit most. Put a bottle right on the breakfast table to be sure of remembering.

Ask for Adex in tablets or capsules at any drug store. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

you and didn't want to step or ride on your land. But he went right on."

Still Ran said nothing.

"And I can't say anything about what happened," she said, "but I shall never be done with it."

He spoke at that. "You mustn't feel bad," he said, "because—well, it's over, and we must remember that what we'll remember all our lives was just maybe ten minutes for her. She had a good life and a happy one."

The fire sang on the hearth. He stared into the leaping flames and she stared at him.

"I have—I have on a new dress," she whispered.

"I noticed when I took your cloak. It's very pretty," he said. She sighed.

"I never wore it before," she continued appealingly.

He must look at it again to satisfy her—and look at her, he realized. He did, after a slow unwilling turn of head. Then he was—dizzy.

"I want to go to the box garden," she whispered so low that he hardly caught it.

HE rose unsteadily. "It might be—it might be—cold for you," he stammered. But she shook her head and she turned her back to him, and he hung her cloak over her shoulders, and they went together through the big hall.

"You've been—the one—to teach me everything that's countin' in life," she said, words blurred by tears.

"I tried—to—" he said, voice rough.

"Folks can be—fools," she went on, and he saw tears pointing her long lashes. He said, fairly steadily, that that was true.

"Remember back, how I aimed to sell dawgs, and hung out that sign on your fence, 'Rat Terrior for Sale'? 'Member back how I spelled out Terrior?"

He nodded.

"And then the man came to buy, and I cried, and you said you'd thought right along maybe we'd not sell him 'way from his momma."

He nodded again.

"And how I cried, that day, just from feelin' better in your arms?"

He caught his breath; he said, "I—remember."

She was smiling now up at him. "I remember too," she admitted. "Seems I can't remember anything else, of late, but how tight-held and warm I felt."

Still—he didn't understand. But he was too shaken to meet her eyes, unless she felt that way too.

And he couldn't believe now she ever would. So—he stared at their shadows.

Her small hand was on his coat lapel; automatically his rose to cover it.

"You're cold—" he whispered.

"No," she answered. "It's—for me it's June, Ran!"

His long shadow shook.

"And all the best of summer comin', I hope—" she went on.

His breath caught harsh and deep.

Now she spoke swiftly, surely. "I've never lied to you," she said, "and you've never lied to me. So I'll tell you how it is—knowing you won't lie even to save my pride and my feelin's—won't lie if you don't feel as I do 'bout this."

Her tone changed suddenly to sing a song made young by surprise. "Why, Ran," she said, and sang. "It is you! It was always you—*you!*"

The wind rose and whistled of winter, and, a sea wind, it was cold. But she was right. It was June for them—June!—with one inky shadow instead of two on the old garden path, and with her, grown up and knowing, whispering a shaken, broken, needful, "Ran, love me! Love me! Ran—it's *you!*"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—He resigned from the army when charged with dissipation, failed at business, then entered the army again, where he scored brilliant success. Who is pictured in the early photo at right?

2—What Northern minstrel composed Dixie?

3—How many bicycles were manufactured in the United States in 1935?

4—When may Annapolis graduates marry?

5—What story, started in 1932, does its author expect to complete in 1955?

6—Who was the Queen of Wall Street?

7—Where was coffee first employed as a beverage?

8—What will keep small rugs in place on slippery floors?

9—In the Bible, who was the first city builder?

10—A coconut's sun-baked kernel is called what?

11—Who set an auto speed record for a mile in 1930 and a motorboat speed record in 1932?

12—Where are the branches of the Philadelphia mint located?

13—By what other name is Teodor J. K. Korzeniowski known?

14—The wingless female of the European and Siberian beetle is known as what?

15—Who was defendant in Tennessee's famed Monkey Trial?

16—How much did Anna Sewell receive for her best seller, Black Beauty?

17—What late tenor was a bricklayer; what current tenor was at one time an iceman?

18—Jason sought what?

19—Who invented the autogiro?

20—Giuseppe Zangara attempted to assassinate whom?

(Answers will be found on page 25)

IF LINCOLN Were in the WHITE HOUSE Today

The Great Emancipator Ponders the New Deal and the Problems of 1936

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I WAS waiting with other newspapermen for the press conference with the master of the New Deal. What with the drone of the conversation and the heat of the room, I dozed—until some one touched me on the arm. "Come," he said. "The President is waiting."

It was Ike Hoover, immemorially Chief Usher of the White House. At the moment it did not strike me as strange that he *had been dead for two years.*

In the President's study was Abraham Lincoln!

LINCOLN, FROM A BRADY PORTRAIT

"Mr. Lincoln," I said, "what has brought you back?"

"The condition of the country," he said, "fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety. Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief."

"Don't you think we have had enough of *relief?*"

The ghost of a smile slowly crept up the gnarled features. "I am for those means which will give the greatest good to the greatest number. This government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare."

"You believe in the Public Works program?"

"Time and experience have demonstrated the public utility of internal improvements. That the poorest and most thinly populated countries would be greatly benefited by the opening of good roads and the clearing of navigable streams is what no person will deny."

"Don't you think the administration is disposed to deal too kindly with labor at the expense of capital?"

"Workingmen are the basis of all governments."

So far he had smiled approval upon the New Deal.

"Mr. Roosevelt's enemies insist," I said, "that he is encroaching upon the sovereignty of the states."

Lincoln shrugged expressively. "No one of our states, except Texas, ever was a sovereignty."

"I can understand that you as a Republican favor every measure that strengthens the federal government, but—*Mr. Roosevelt was elected as a Democrat!* Many of his actions are contrary to his party's doctrines today. Has an elected official the right to repudiate his platform pledges?"

Lincoln at once became very serious.

"*We should do neither more nor less than we gave people reason to believe we would when they gave us their votes.*

"The legitimate object of government," he continued, "is to do for a community of people whatever they need to have done but cannot do at all, or so well, for themselves. *Whatever concerns the whole should be confided to the whole—to the general government; whatever concerns only the state should be left exclusively to the state.*"

"You do not advocate the interference of governmental paternalism in private business?"

"*In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere.* If there is anything which it is the duty of the whole people to *never intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions.*"

"You believe a President should run Congress?"

Lincoln shook his head. "By the Constitution, the Executive may recommend measures which he may think proper, and he may veto those he thinks improper, and it is supposed that he may add to these certain indirect influences. My political education strongly inclines me against a very free use of any of these means. As a rule I think it is better that *Congress should originate as well as perfect its measures without external bias.*"

"Mr. Roosevelt's opponents claim," I resumed, "that he is riding roughshod over the Constitution."

"It is the duty of the President and other government functionaries," he said, "*to run the machine as it is.*"

"Encouraged by Mr. Roosevelt, Congress passed several measures of doubtful constitutionality—"

"Do not forget that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court."

"Is the President ever justified in going beyond the Constitution?"

"No organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provision for all possible questions."

"Mr. Roosevelt's speeches have seemed to hint that he will seek to amend the Constitution. Do you approve?"

"No slight occasion should tempt us to touch it. *It can scarcely be made better than it is.* I do not mean to say we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. What I do say is that *if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive, and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand.*"

Mr. Lincoln rejected governmental extravagance upon the basis of an ever-growing mountain of debt.

"For several years past," he said, "the revenues of the government have been unequal to its expenditures, and consequently loan after loan, sometimes direct and sometimes indirect in form, has been resorted to. By this means *a new national debt has been created, and is still growing on us with a rapidity fearful to contemplate.* Coming expenditures must be met, and the present debt must be paid. Money cannot always be borrowed for these objects. *The system of loans is but temporary in its nature, and is not only ruinous while it lasts, but one that must soon fail and leave us destitute.*"

"Do you think we are justified in experimenting in America with Fascism or Communism?"

"*This government must be preserved, in spite of the acts of any man or set of men.* Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality. To the humblest and poorest among us are held out the highest privileges and positions."

The interview was over. "Tell me," I asked Ike Hoover as I was leaving, "does the spirit of Abraham Lincoln frequently haunt the Executive Mansion these days?"

"Lincoln's spirit," Ike replied, "at times descends upon Mr. Roosevelt when he relies on his own common sense, but it vanishes quickly when he listens to advisers who are too wild-eyed or politicians who are too shrewd."

THE END

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: Except for unimportant stylistic changes and condensations, every statement placed in Lincoln's mouth is an excerpt from his state papers, speeches, or letters.]

HOLLYWOOD Shakedown

A Revealing Light on Some Crimes that Are Hidden Because No One Will Talk About Them

by SCOTT LITTLETON

Staff Investigator for the District Attorney of Los Angeles County

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EXTORTION is one of the hardest kinds of crime to handle, because so often you have not only the extortioner to fight but the victim. As an investigator for the District Attorney of Los Angeles, I've handled, I suppose, upward of a hundred extortion cases, and I think it's safe to say that in half of these the extortioners, even though detected and arrested, escaped punishment. Their victims wouldn't sign complaints or appear against them for fear of letting their own cats out of the bag.

Hollywood, of course, is quite a hunting ground for the shakedown artist. But even in Hollywood we could reduce extortion appreciably if we always had the full co-operation of the victim. Such co-operation as Mae West gave us, for example.

To be sure, Mae West's was a special case. No one was going to tell any one else anything about Mae if she didn't come across. Acid was going to be thrown in her face if she didn't lay $10,000 on the line.

The extortion letters she received were certainly explicit. "The acid we will use," read one of them, "is strongest acid and bad for the pretty woman who is making so much money. Our acid will eat out your eye and burn the skin off your pretty face down to the bone. It eat out your tongue too so you can't talk eat and kiss no more."

Cheery thing to find in your morning's mail!

Mae was worried, mostly because the unknown writer—or I should say, hand printer—of the letters seemed to know the most intimate details of her daily round. She figured, rightly, that the letters were from some one either very close to her or in a position to keep the closest kind of tabs on her.

Our first move is always to get what we call exemplars of handwriting or printing from everybody connected in any degree with the case. Mae and all the members of her household cheerfully gave us exemplars, without result. We took them from all her studio contacts, without result. It seemed a safe bet that the extortioners were strangers to her.

The author. He recently turned that "snake murder" inside out for Liberty.

Does this picture look like Mae West? No? It shows Investigator Harry Dean.

In all, she received six letters, all hand printed by the same person. Vividly detailing the effects of acid on the human face, they directed that the $10,000, in unmarked tens and twenties, be placed in the branches of one of the small palm trees bordering the sidewalk in front of Warner Brothers Hollywood studio. Specifically, the package of money was to be placed in the palm nearest the southwest corner of Sunset Boulevard and Bronson Street, and Miss West was *personally* to place it there at seven o'clock in the evening of a certain day. Having done so, she was to go to a water hydrant on the strip of lawn in front of the studio and tie a handkerchief on this as a signal. Then she was to leave the scene immediately.

Blayney Matthews, then chief special investigator for District Attorney Fitts, called us into a huddle. The first thing we agreed on was the possibility that we were dealing with a dangerous sex maniac. To a great number of her picture fans Mae West is not what you might call sexually unexciting, and the wording—the general tone—of the letters strongly suggested a sadist. We realized that if we were dealing with one, we could not expose Mae to the danger of contact with him. To her credit be it said that she was perfectly willing to go through with the whole thing. In fact, we had to persuade her to submit to the closest kind of bodyguarding while we carried out the plan we finally decided upon.

This plan was built around the fact that one of us, Investigator Harry Dean, was a short man, about Mae West's height in his stocking feet. Otherwise he looked about as much like her as I do, and furthermore he had a mustache.

The idea was to sacrifice Harry's zitz and dress him in a woman's outfit of the type worn by Mae—with some stuffing in the right places! Then we were going to put a blonde wig on his head, have his face made up as expertly as possible, and have

him sit well back from the side windows of Mae's big town car when it went to the rendezvous with the extortioner. The rear window curtain of the car would be left up so as to permit a view of the back of his head. With the right kind of hat, and wearing Mae's white fox fur, he should make a passable double for her, we figured, as long as he stayed in the car.

The letters indicated that the extortioner was thoroughly familiar with the car and its chauffeur, a young colored ex-pug who had been in the service of Miss West for quite some time, and in whom, after a careful check, we had the fullest confidence. We decided that our " Mae," after arriving alongside the palm in " her " car, could plausibly direct " her " chauffeur to place the package for " her."

Dean, of course, was to carry his gun concealed in his lap, ready to go right into action with it. There was the possibility that the extortioner might throw acid at him, but Harry wasn't worrying about that, as he expected to see the extortioner first. The thing that was worrying him was Mae's walk.

Her natural walk, you know, is quite a bit like what you see on the screen. Harry would have to come out of her sixth-floor apartment, walk along the corridor to the elevator, go down in it, get out in the basement garage, and get into her automobile. Suppose the extortioner was waiting somewhere along this route! Suppose he was an employee of the apartment house—or a guest!

There was only one thing to do about it. Harry would have to practice Mae's walk until he got it and we would try to pick a time when there would be nobody in the sixth-floor corridor. We couldn't pick such a time down in the garage because machines and people were coming and going there continually. As for the elevator, we could take care of that all right. For the evening we'd have a Filipino of our own in it.

Well, does this look like Mae in her car? At any rate, it's Dean again, with Investigator Southard —armed. Left: That really is Mae.

HARRY practiced the West walk until Mae herself gave it her approval, and when the evening for the pay-off came around she personally supervised his toilette, making him up into something which, if not an entirely faithful likeness of herself, was certainly the damnedest thing in the way of a detective I've ever seen!

Luck was with us. There was nobody in the corridor when Harry came out of Mae's apartment, and for the moment there was nobody in sight in the basement garage.

" I forgot all about the old hips when I got down there," he told me afterward. " I just made a dive for the car and got in."

We had the car completely covered in its trip from Mae's apartment house to the Warner studio, about two miles. We used four tail cars with two men in each. First one car would be behind Mae's, then another, to allay any suspicions the extortioner might have if *he* was following, too. There was a Thompson submachine gun in each of the four cars. In Mae's car, the colored chauffeur had an automatic, and Investigator Southard was hidden on the floor of the car, armed, of course.

I didn't see Harry leave the apartment house, but they tell me that from a distance you'd have sworn he was Mae West. Anyhow, the back of his neck, the boys in the tail cars said, was Mae to the life.

Investigators Cavett and Griffen and I secreted ourselves in a darkened office of the Warner Brothers studio, the French windows of which were about four feet above the ground level and about thirty feet back from the little palm tree. Harry was provided with a dummy package that looked as if it might contain the money. Actually we did have three five-dollar bills in it, just to make the case more binding in court. Waiting in cars strategically near by, where they could watch the palm tree and close in immediately or give chase in any direction if necessary, were other investigators. On the little strip of lawn between the studio and the sidewalk, Investigator Higgins, in golf trousers, had his dog on a leash—and his automatic handy in his pocket. All in all, we had the spot pretty well covered.

After we got ourselves settled in the office and our tommy gun—which Cavett was to handle—ready for action, we didn't have to wait long. Half an hour before the zero hour of seven, a colored boy and two white men appeared on the corner diagonally across Sunset Boulevard from us and stood looking our way at the palm tree with what seemed great interest. We could see Higgins watching them out of the corner of his eye and we knew all the others were watching them, too.

After the three had stood over there on the corner for about ten minutes, the two white men left the colored boy and walked slowly east on Sunset, still shooting a look over our way every now and then. The colored boy loitered for a minute or so more on the corner, then walked north on Bronson Street to enter a garage. He returned to the corner, where he was rejoined by the two white men who, still glancing our way, came strolling back along Sunset about five minutes later.

Across from the Warner studio was a small hotel. A slightly built foreign-looking little fellow came out of its entrance and strolled with elaborate casualness—or so it seemed—down to the corner of Bronson and Sunset directly opposite us. He didn't have a hat and he apparently lived in the hotel. Why, we wondered, did he wave to the colored boy and the two white men, and why did they wave back to him?

The plot began to get really thick with the arrival of

a dark good-looking well dressed girl on still another corner of the intersection—the one across Bronson to our left. She began staring up and down the Boulevard in unmistakable anxiety for some one to arrive or something or other to begin. Every now and then she would glance across at the men on the corner opposite her and at the little foreign-looking man on the other corner. The colored boy and his friends were looking at her, too. The little fellow didn't give any sign that he saw her; he just stood there, rocking on his heels.

At five minutes to seven the little fellow, during a lull in the traffic, ran across to our side of the street and took up a position not ten feet from the palm tree.

It was beginning to get really interesting.

We tried the French windows to make doubly sure they'd open easily and let us jump down on to the lawn. We could see Higgins "make" the little fellow and move as close to him as possible; also, up Bronson Street, on the other side, we could see Chief Matthews make him and slide his car into a parking spot as close as possible to Sunset. South of us on Bronson and east and west of us on Sunset we knew that all the other cars were doing the same thing.

It looked very good. Especially when, at seven sharp, Mae's big town car stopped by the curb alongside the palm tree with "Mae" just visible in the back seat. The dark girl on her corner, the three men on theirs, and the little fellow standing right in front of us by the palm tree all seemed to fix their attention concertedly on the car's arrival. None of them took their eyes off Mae's smartly liveried chauffeur as he got out with the dummy package in his hand, deposited it in the palm tree, went over and tied a white handkerchief on the hydrant on the lawn, got back into the car, and drove off. And I wouldn't have been a bit surprised to see the little fellow pull a bottle out of his pocket and start for the car. He'd have been dead before he'd taken two steps.

No monkey business like that happened, however. The big car zoomed away from the curb and all our suspects stood where they were and watched it go. And now the little fellow had his eye on the package. A minute or so went by while he looked at it; you could see he was just itching to take it. Then he skipped to the tree and, with a quick look around him, stuffed it under his coat and started down the street.

He hadn't taken four steps before Higgins had his gun in his ribs. And as Griffen and I and all the others swarmed over him he must have thought it was raining gun muzzles. On the other corners Matthews and the rest of the boys were taking care of the three men and the girl. It all happened in a twinkling. A lot of men for a pinch like that? Not at all. How did we know how many might be in a mob shaking Mae West down? Or how such a mob might be armed?

A FUNNY thing was the obliviousness of passers-by to what was happening. At that time of the evening there is always a steady stream of traffic along Sunset Boulevard and quite a few pedestrians on the sidewalks. For all they knew we might have been gangsters staging a stick-up, yet none of them seemed much disturbed. Matthews marched the three he had arrested across the street at the point of his gun. He held up traffic to do this, yet not one car's occupants showed any curiosity! Maybe they thought we were movie actors.

Anyhow, we loaded the suspects into cars and took them downtown to the D. A.'s office. And I wish I could say that in one fell swoop we had collected a whole gang of vicious extortioners.

But I can't. Three hours of intensive questioning, checking up, and taking of handwriting exemplars convinced us that all we had for our trouble were (1) a little Greek waiter who couldn't write at all, let alone compose extortion notes, and whose dumb greedy curiosity there by the palm tree had got the better of him; (2) a Cuban Negro who spoke imperfect English and who worked in the garage up Bronson Street; (3) a Russian Jewish tailor who couldn't write much better than the Greek; (4) a Rumanian janitor who roomed with the tailor and whose handwriting didn't fit; and (5) a young Mexican moving-picture actress, the wife of Ramon Pereda, one of the outstanding stars of Spanish-speaking pictures.

Just a bunch of unlucky people who had happened to be on hand to spoil our setup! But that's the way it is in this business, as in any other. You can't expect to click every time. We had every reason to pick those people on suspicion, even though it turned out that the girl was only waiting for her husband to come along in his automobile, and the Cuban colored boy was only telling his two white friends that he was looking for a new job, and they went away and came back five minutes later to tell him where they'd heard he could get one. As for the little Greek waiter, we had to pick *him* up if only to get our fifteen dollars back!

In common decency, we now had to cart them all back to Hollywood. I managed so that the returning of the very lovely Señora Pereda fell to my lot. It was pathetic about her. She couldn't speak a word of English, and down at the D. A.'s office she just sat in a corner weeping hysterically. I was busy helping with the questioning of the others and didn't get around to her with my bad Spanish for at least a couple of hours. When I finally did, the tale she told me almost had me crying with her.

SHE was leading woman for her husband, she said, in a Spanish-speaking movie that an independent company was making in a small studio on Sunset Boulevard. They had been shooting all day on the picture and were to shoot again that evening. After an early dinner her husband had dropped her at a beauty parlor, intending to call for her at seven; the beauty parlor was only a few doors from where we had picked her up.

Her husband would be frantic, she sobbed—to say nothing of what the delay was costing the moving-picture company. I began to wonder if it wouldn't have been wiser to have let one of the other boys drive her home!

As we drew up to the entrance of the little studio, Latins gushed out of it, Pereda, wild-eyed, at their head. It took me a full minute of badge-waving and shouting of "*Policia!*" before I could get a word in edgewise, but finally all was understood and forgiven. Pereda bought me a drink, and that was that. Before I left we had several drinks together. I needed them.

And I wish I could say that we eventually did catch up with the real extortioner—or extortioners. But I can't say that, either. The case is not closed yet. Maybe one of these days we'll get a good lead on it. A significant thing is that no more letters came to Mae after the story broke in the newspapers.

I think in many ways the most exciting shakedown I ever had anything to do with was the Wiley case. I had a little brush with the Reaper in that one. But here I am. The thing happened about two years ago.

Wiley ran a tidy little roadhouse out in Lawndale, some twelve miles southwest of Los Angeles. It got a pretty fair play from automobile parties, but not enough to warrant him in applying for a hard-liquor license. He had a license to sell wine and beer; in California that costs you fifty dollars a year, while the hard-liquor permit is ten times as much. Wiley didn't have the $500 to put up, but some of his customers did like their whisky and gin. He made no bones about it to us; he told us he had been selling hard liquor to people he sized up as being all right, and he knew he had thereby committed a misdemeanor punishable by a large fine or imprisonment in the county jail, or both.

He and his daughter, a girl about sixteen, ran the place and had living quarters adjoining it in the rear. With a cook and a waiter and a very bad pianist and drummer, the two had been making a pretty fair living. They owned the property, they didn't have to pay the cook and waiter much, and the musicians got their pay out of a large red tin can with a sign, "Feed the Kitty," on it.

Things were running pretty smoothly until, one summer Sunday evening, three strangers came in the place and ordered beers.

These were pretty hard-looking eggs, Wiley told us. One was a big swarthy fellow looking something like Jack Dempsey. Another was tall and slim and the smoothie of the trio; the third was short and stocky, with one of those penciled-eyebrow mustaches. They all looked to be in their late thirties or early forties.

After Wiley had served them beers, the big dark fellow asked him for a round of Scotch highballs. Wiley explained that he didn't have a license to sell hard liquor, whereupon all three laughed at him and pointed to a table where two couples were drinking whisky ginger ales.

Wiley said he told the men the two couples were drinking their own stuff, but they didn't believe him. They got quite belligerent about it.

" I didn't want a row in my place," said Wiley. " So I served them—two rounds—and they paid me. After that, I sure was glad to see them reach for their hats to go. The stocky guy was beginning to get noisy, and some of my other customers was beginning to get sore."

The stocky man went out to the car they had come in, but the two others lingered.

" They worked me over into a corner before the guy that looked like Dempsey said they wanted to talk with me privately. Then they both flashed badges on me."

Wiley told us he only got a momentary glimpse, but he was pretty sure they were Los Angeles Police Department badges, even though Lawndale was well outside the jurisdiction of any Los Angeles police officer. But—and that's what a guilty conscience can do to you—the glimpse was enough. He took them back into his living quarters and asked them if he had to go to jail right away. Wasn't there anything he could do about it?

" Sure there is," the big fellow said. " That's what we want to talk to you about."

At that point Wiley's daughter came into the room. The big man asked who she was, and then how old she was. Wiley told him she was sixteen, whereupon he said, " Well, that *does* sink you! Do you realize you've been contributing to the delinquency of a minor child? "

Worried sick, Wiley asked if there was a way out for him if he came across with some money.

" Now you're getting wise to yourself," the big man said. " Sure there is. How much have you got? "

Wiley told the truth: in his till and in the bank at that moment he didn't have a hundred dollars.

" Only half enough! It's two hundred on the line or you and the kid go along with us."

AFTER desperate appeals to a few regular customers, Wiley scraped up a hundred and fifty, and the big fellow said that would do until they could come back and collect the remaining fifty. They would come within a few days; he didn't know just when.

The two then pulled automatics from their pockets.

" You'll get a taste of these in your guts," the big man said, " if you don't keep your trap shut."

It had been only after long debate with himself, and on the advice of the head of the brewery that sold him his beer, that Wiley had finally come into the district attorney's office.

Investigator Cavett and I were assigned to take care of him, and the first thing we had to do was convince him we didn't give a damn whether he sold hard liquor or snake oil; that was a matter for the State Liquor Control people to worry about. All we were interested in was the shakedown.

The men were hoodlums, Cavett and I concluded. They couldn't have been real officers; the badges probably had been phonies or stolen ones. The dumbest officer wouldn't pull a thing like that, particularly outside his jurisdiction.

We decided to stake out at the roadhouse until the men should return. Wiley " hired " Cavett as a waiter and me as a piano player. I do play the piano—whatever my friends are unkind enough to say. And I installed an automobile rear-view mirror on the piano at about eye level.

Cavett tucked his .45 under his apron, I stuck my .38 inside the front of my shirt, and we went to work. A few parties came in that afternoon, and Cavett—who has never taken a drink in his life—served them as nicely as you please, while the drummer and I banged out jazz for them whenever they threw something in the kitty can.

We had marked the five ten-dollar bills Wiley had scraped up. He was to tip us off when the extortioners appeared by pulling at the lobe of either of his ears as he greeted them. Then he was to pay over the marked money to them, and leave the rest to us. He hoped the

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Curity *layettecloth* **DIAPERS**

place would be fairly empty, lest somebody get hurt!

That first evening more than the usual number of parties dropped in. At closing hour—two A. M.—my fingers were very, very weary, and if I had played I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, once, I must have played it a hundred times. Cavett, who had trouble with his arches, was dog-tired. He seemed to find great comfort, however, in the fact that he had earned in tips far more than I had taken in as my share of the kitty!

Our second day and evening were about like the first. At eleven o'clock the third morning our men showed up.

We made them at once, recognizing them from Wiley's description. Two of them, the big one and the slim smoothie, got out of a sedan. The short stocky one stayed in it.

Both of us gave thanks that there was nobody inside but Wiley, the drummer, and ourselves. Poor Wiley was shaking pretty badly, but you couldn't blame him. My own heart wasn't beating any too slowly, either.

"Remember to make him say just what he is going to do if you don't pay him the money," Cavett told Wiley. Then, as they entered, he started toweling the bar and I moseyed over to the piano. The drummer was in his place. "They're here," I whispered to him, as I had promised. He took one look at them and scrammed.

In my rear-view mirror, as I started playing softly, I could see them greet Wiley and start for a table on the far side of the place. I could see Wiley return their greeting with a sickly smile. The poor devil was in a blue funk, and there was every chance that he might give the show away. We had told him to get going with the money immediately—but there he stood, rooted to the floor, with his mouth open. And I could see the men beginning to look hard at him.

CAVETT took their order for beers and went over to the bar. In my mirror, as I kept on playing I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby, I could see him give Wiley a look that was practically a nudge. And Wiley did a beautiful job of spilling the beans. With the two men watching his every move, he pulled out the money and nodded "O. K." to Cavett!

It was just as though he had shouted to them that Cavett was an officer!

They jumped up, reaching into their coat pockets. I whirled around on the piano stool, yanking my gun out.

"Reach for the ceiling!" I yelled, putting it on them.

At the same time Cavett yelled the same command, adding that we were district attorney's men.

Neither of them took his hand from his pocket.

I didn't dare look around, but I knew Cavett was doing just what I was. And, what's more, I knew that only a finger-twitch was needed to spell curtains for one of us or one of them.

"*We're* police officers," the big fellow said, still with his hand in his pocket.

As I held my breath, Cavett gave them a warning—the most unique I've ever heard in police work. It's a part of the Superior Court records of Los Angeles County, because later he repeated his words at the trial.

"Reach for the ceiling, you ———— ————s," I heard him say, "or there's going to be two new faces in hell!"

His words seemed to make an impression. They reached. And I stopped holding my breath. You'll never know how sweet life can be until you get in—and out of—a spot like that. I looked around for the first time at Cavett and we smiled at each other. A great guy, Tom Cavett.

LINING them up against a wall of the place, we relieved them of two automatics—and two Los Angeles police badges. The big fellow's was the badge of a lieutenant of detectives. He insisted that it was his—that both badges were theirs, and that they were Los Angeles police officers, the other man a plain-clothes patrolman, and both attached to—well, never mind the name of the division. I think too highly of the Los Angeles Police Department as a whole to rub any part of it in the dirt. Some of the finest men it has ever been my privilege to know are members of the Los Angeles Department. Chief of Police Davis has one of the most efficient and incorrupt organizations of its kind in the country. But it's silly to say that *any* organization of its metropolitan size and character is one-hundred-per-cent pure.

The two men we arrested were the sort of men who would turn up as bad pennies anywhere. You could have knocked us both over with a feather when their captain came out and identified them. The big fellow had been on the force twelve years, the slim one eight. And for what a paltry mess of pottage had they sold their birthright!

The fellow outside in the car was easy enough to collect. Cavett went out and got him after we had handcuffed the two others together. He wasn't an officer—only a friend of the others, he said. He admitted having put the finger on Wiley as a good prospect for a shakedown. He had told his friends, he said, about Wiley's selling of hard liquor without a license, and in return they had agreed to cut him in for a third of whatever they might wring out of Wiley. Nice boys, all of them.

Wiley's having spilled the beans before the marked money could pass put a somewhat different aspect on our case. The office decided to use the short stocky chap as a witness against the other two. He jumped at the chance to save his own skin. They were convicted. They're still up in San Quentin, as far as I know. The big fellow said he was going to "get" us when he got out, so I hope they keep him up there a long time.

Such is the gentle crime of extor-

tion, in two different examples. As I said, I suppose I've helped handle upward of a hundred extortions since I've been with the D. A. You would think, from that, I ought to be capable of handing out some good advice on the subject—good advice to those now in the clutches, or who may one of these days get into the clutches, of a shakedown artist. But it's hard to lay down general rules for the guidance of shakedown victims. However, assuming that your motto is "Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute," I make these suggestions:

First, lay your troubles before the proper authorities,

ANTHONY ABBOT
Crime Commentator for Liberty

says that if Thatcher Colt, policeman extraordinary, were to analyze the Mae West case, he would probably say that the police failed partly through overvigilance. Nobody knows better than Thatcher Colt himself how easy it is to fall into just such an error; yet he knows how sedulously it must be avoided.

The routine procedure of taking samples of handwriting from every one near Miss West, both at the apartment house and at the studio, might well have been dispensed with in her case. Even in a city of celebrities, Mae West is outstanding.

It is unbelievable that any one, knowing Miss West as well as the writer of those extortion notes evidently did, could have been fooled by a stuffed and rouged and bewigged policeman.

It is unlikely, too, that the elaborate business of training the detective in gait and gesture and rigging him out in feminine togs could have gone on in that particular Hollywood apartment house without attracting the attention of the watching criminal.

Thatcher Colt would be the last one to wish to expose a lady unnecessarily to attack. But, after all, it was Miss West's face that was to be saved, and since she was willing to do her share to catch the crooks, it would seem as if she should have been allowed to do so.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the NBC Red Network every Sunday afternoon from 2.30 to 3 P. M. Eastern Standard Time.

holding back no more from them than you would from a doctor.

Second, if it's a case of "pay me or I'll tell," beat your extortioner to the punch by telling, even if it loses you your happy home or whatever else may be involved. Usually it won't.

Third, allow your extortioner to believe you are scared stiff, so as to keep him coming while we make the necessary arrangements to take him.

Fourth, make him *specify* just what he is going to do to you if you don't pay off. Make him do this in a letter, or in a spot where we can set up a dictograph to hear him, or over a telephone where we can listen in on an extension.

Fifth, go through with us against the extortioner after we arrest him. Sign a complaint against him; testify fully against him at his trial in spite of any publicity which may arise.

There is a sixth suggestion, but there's not much use making it: *Don't lay yourself open to extortion.*

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 18

1—Ulysses Simpson Grant.
2—Daniel Decatur Emmett.
3—Seven hundred and fifty thousand.
4—Not until two years following graduation.
5—Dr. Will Durant's Story of Civilization, the first volume of which (four more are planned) was published in 1935.
6—Hetty Green.
7—In Abyssinia.
8—Sewing rubber rings from preserve jars to both ends of their under surfaces.
9—Cain. Genesis 4:17—"And Cain . . . builded a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch."
10—Copra.
11—Kaye Don.
12—At New Orleans, Denver, and San Francisco.
13—Joseph Conrad, the novelist.
14—The glowworm.
15—John Thomas Scopes, twenty-four-year-old biological teacher.
16—One hundred dollars.
17—Enrico Caruso; Richard Crooks.
18—The Golden Fleece.
19—Juan de la Cierva, in 1922.
20—

Franklin D. Roosevelt

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USE

EACH PIECE INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

A Thrill from the Heart of a Bitter, Embattled World—The Story of Two Who Risked All in a Gamble with Death

by

BORDEN CHASE

A KISS IN SPAIN

THERE had been a bad half-hour with the captain of the Vitoria which resulted in Joe Blake telling him, the first mate, and the crew as a whole to go plumb to hell. Now he was standing at the desk of Gibraltar's best hotel. His hand baggage was stacked at his feet. He was mad.

"Do you see that ship?" said Joe to the clerk. He pointed through the open doors of the hotel to the Vitoria at anchor in the bay. "I booked passage out of New York on that tub. It was supposed to take me to Barcelona—and what does it do? It pulls into Gibraltar," Joe continued, "and the captain says this is as far as he's going."

The clerk smiled. "Under the circumstances it might be just as well you're in Gibraltar. It's a bit of England, you know."

"But I don't *want* to be in Gibraltar," Joe insisted. "I've come three thousand miles to take charge of an automobile plant in Barcelona. Is there any good reason why I should be stuck in Gibraltar?"

"A very good reason, I should say."

"You mean that fuss over in Spanish Morocco?" Joe laughed and waved a hand in dismissal of the idea. "Nothing to it. Universal Motors got a complete report before they sent me over here. They're not worried."

"But the captain of the Vitoria is," said the clerk pointedly. "May I send your things up to your room, sir?"

"I suppose so," said Joe. "And you might get in touch with some one who'll rent me a car. I'll probably have to drive the rest of the way."

"I'm sorry, sir—that's impossible. There are no cars going into Spain. None at all."

There was a tone of British finality in his answer that decided Joe against further argument. He signed the register, walked out of the lobby, and wandered through the narrow streets that led to the water front. Barcelona was over five hundred miles away but there was a good job waiting for him there. Joe wanted that job. He intended to get to it in spite of all the crazy captains and stubborn hotel clerks in Europe.

There was a restaurant at the end of the street. Well, it was supposed to be a restaurant, but there were girls and music and an old witch with a fat stomach and a snaggle of mustache who grinned and winked knowingly to a flight of stairs near the bar. Joe ignored the wink and asked for a brandy. He'd been in Gibraltar before—back in 1917, when he was gunner's mate of an American armed guard crew.

A girl brought him his drink. She was small and slim and round. Her eyes were dark and big. Her hair was black—a Spanish black. She set the glass on the table, drew up a chair and seated herself.

"Hello, Meester Américain," she said.

"You guessed it," said Joe. "What's your name?"

"Estrella Salazar."

"Speak English?"

"*Un poco de*—a little bit."

"That's great. Any idea how I can get to Barcelona?"

She smiled and moved her shoulders in the slow upward lift that answers so many questions for the Spaniard.

"Why do you go to Barcelona?"

Joe told her—after all, why not? Many of these girls came from the seaports of southern Spain. If there were any way of getting out of Gibraltar she'd know it.

"You want vary much to go?" she asked at length.

"It would be better," said the priest, "if you all went. I will open the door and go out to these men."

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

Joe showed her a five-dollar bill and said, "That much."

She left the table and crossed to the far side of the restaurant where a group of fishermen sat over a bottle of wine.

There was argument—much argument. Soon Estrella came back and seated herself close to Joe.

"It is no use," she said. "I think maybe Manuel will take you in his boat. But he say he will not."

"Five hundred miles in a sailboat? You're crazy."

She laughed then and reached across the table and rested one small hand on Joe's arm.

"Not to Barcelona. To Malaga—near here—in Spain. I think maybe there you can get a car."

Joe thought so too. "Go on back and argue some more."

"That I have told him," smiled Estrella. "He say to buy thee boat if it is important."

"I get it," said Joe, and his grin matched Estrella's. "The old run-around, eh?"

"I do no understand," said Estrella.

"I didn't think you would."

"You want thee boat?"

"How would I find my way to Malaga?"

Estrella's shoulders lifted again. "I could show you."

"So you could," said Joe thoughtfully. He finished the brandy. "Fair enough. You show me and I'll buy the boat." . . .

In the morning the wind was light and the sea was fair. They sailed out of the little bay, rounded the sheer rock wall of Gibraltar, and headed along the coast.

"When do we reach Malaga?" Joe asked.

Estrella's shoulders moved. "Tonight maybe—tomorrow."

Joe looked at the dark curve of her hair against her cheek. Not bad at all. He'd seen pilots who were much less interesting, but this one had cost him twenty dollars cash in hand before she stepped over the side of the little fishing boat. He tried an old song in a not unpleasant baritone—a song that was reminiscent of the last time he had been in the Mediterranean: "'There are smiles that make you happy—'"

Estrella applauded. He thanked her and tried it again. She offered him a square of bread and a bit of cheese.

The sun slipped over the rim of the sea and the long twilight started. He asked Estrella how many miles to Malaga, but she smiled and shrugged. Later there was a moon—a Mediterranean moon, so bright a man could read a newspaper at midnight. Joe slouched against the tiller post and hummed a tune to Estrella: "'There are smiles that make you happy—'"

"That is vary pretty, señor," she said. "But maybe—maybe you know something else to sing?"

"What's the matter with that tune?"

"Oh, notheeng—notheeng. But after ten times, twenty times, fifty times—*Dios!*"

"Now let's get organized," said Joe. "Are you getting twenty dollars to take me to Malaga or are you not?"

"*Si, señor.*"

He grinned, and it was his turn to lift his shoulders.

Estrella liked him. She told him so five times the first afternoon, and when the moon came up she said it in Spanish. Joe told her she was beautiful and kept on sailing. She tried to sleep. There was a tiny deck forward, but it was hard and dug holes in her shoulders. She curled up near the mast, but that was no better. Water sloshed about in the bottom. She crept between Joe's knees, rested her head against his stomach, and sighed.

THEY sailed on up the moon streak through a sea of tinfoil waves. On the shore a handful of houses lined the rim of a tiny bay.

"Is this Malaga?" asked Joe, pointing.

"Poquita," she said. "They have food and beds. We could stop maybe?"

"Now let's get organized," said Joe. "Are you—"

"*Si, si, si!* I am getting twenty doll-ars to take you to Malaga!"

Joe put one hand under Estrella's chin and tilted her head. He looked into her eyes.

"Are we going to fight so soon?" he asked.

Estrella smiled—twenty dollars' worth of smile.

"No, señor, we do not fight. But my backside—it is got hurts."

"Oh, so that's it! Can't take it, eh?"

Joe swung the boat in to the landing, jumped out, and made a line fast to the dock. He helped her over the side. For a moment she stood on tiptoe, her arms above her head and her eyes turned toward the silver moon. It softened the hard wise lines that come to a girl's face when she knows too much of men. It touched her lips and made them young—almost like a child's.

She smiled and followed Joe to the main street.

"You like this place?" she asked.

"Very nice," said Joe. "But where do we eat?"

Estrella caught his arm and started along the cobbled road. Brick-front houses crowded closely one against the next. They were drab and gray, like old crones who huddle close in the moonlight and whisper ancient secrets. At the end of town, where the dirt road left the cobbles and wound into the hills, was a church. Near the church Estrella saw a restaurant. But the doors were closed, the windows shuttered.

"What's wrong?" asked Joe.

Estrella's eyes were wide. She shrugged.

They walked toward the restaurant. A dog barked. Two more dogs joined the chorus.

"Where's everybody?" asked Joe. "The joint is dead."

He rapped against the warped wooden door. There was no answer but a scurry of footsteps. Estrella called to open the door. She called again and added a few words Joe had heard on other water fronts. Still no answer.

A black-robed priest came from the church. He lifted his arms and smiled. Estrella bent one knee and spoke to

him in Spanish. The priest answered and Estrella's hands went quickly to her throat.

"Now what?" said Joe.

"The padre says—"

She caught Joe's arm and turned toward the dock. From the far end of town where the boat was moored came a rattle of shots. There were screams.

"What is it, father?" asked Joe.

"The war, my son—the war."

Joe hardly noticed the priest had answered in English.

"The war? What war?"

"The revolution."

So that Spanish captain had been right! And the hotel clerk knew his business when he advised against going into Spain. Ten years in the automobile line waiting for a plant-foreman's job and then some one had to start a revolution and spoil it.

There were more shots, more screams. The restaurant door opened and a gray-headed old fellow grabbed the priest by the arm. He motioned to Estrella. He motioned to Joe. Another burst of shots came from the street. Joe caught Estrella by the shoulders, took the priest by the arm, and pushed them into the restaurant. He followed and slammed the door.

"Now what's it all about?" he asked.

The priest told him. Spain's government was a republic, so called. Actually it was a Communistic form of government. Exiled and defeated royalists in Morocco had revolted and Spain was suddenly torn with civil war.

"What happens when these monkeys finish shooting and crack into the town? Who are they, anyway?"

The old fellow with the whiskers jabbered and waved his arms in answer to a question by Estrella. She turned to Joe. "This town," she said, "is for the revolution. The Communists attack—they burn and kill."

"Now isn't that nice?" said Joe. He pointed to the priest. "Can he stop it?"

Estrella smiled thinly. "Soon he will die."

Joe waited for the laugh. It didn't come. Estrella was serious. The war was serious. It wasn't a gag. People were being killed, raped, tortured. And he—Joe Blake—was right in the middle of things. He felt the heat rise in his temples. These birds had a nerve pulling a war now. They'd certainly fixed that job in Barcelona.

He looked at the gray-headed old fellow with the whiskers—Pedro Barata, the priest had called him. He was standing near a window and in his hands was a gun. There were shells on the table, a large pile of them. Pedro lifted the gun and poked it through the window. He pushed the shutter aside. He yelled. There were answering yells from the street, a pounding at the door.

"They want the priest," said Estrella.

Joe saw the priest's hand on the latch.

"Will they kill him?"

Estrella shrugged and sobbed. Old Pedro shouted and waved the priest away. The priest smiled and shook his head. He started to unbar the door.

"Nothing doing!" said Joe. "I've got a boat at the landing. Maybe we can all get away."

HE took the gun from Pedro and looked through the window. Men were there—many of them. Some waved guns and bottles that dribbled wine. Others played with women, tossed them about and laughed at their cries. A young girl ran screaming from a house. Behind her ran four men. They were unshaven, dirty, drunk. They laughed and snatched at her dress. One caught her and threw her to the ground. Joe pulled the trigger.

"What have you done, my son?" said the priest.

"Signed up for the war," laughed Joe. "I don't like the other guys—not at all."

He fired again and again. There were screams in the street—deep-throated masculine screams of fear and rage. Bullets splattered against the door, poured through the wooden shutters of the windows. The back door opened and a black-haired youngster sprinted across the room. He carried a shotgun. Pedro snatched it and crouched beside Joe at the window.

"Pedro's son," Estrella explained.

The shotgun flared into life. There was laughter in the street and Joe cursed quietly.

"Papa," he said, "it's always best to aim before you shoot. You've gone and knocked down your sign."

He grabbed the gun, tossed it to Estrella and told her to reload. The gun in his hands covered a woman who ran down the street. It picked off a man who followed. Joe set it down and took up the shotgun.

The men had backed into doorways and a steady fire flicked bits of stone from about the window. Joe waited. A tall red-faced fellow with a dirty khaki coat stepped forward. He took one step, crouched, and fired at the window. Another man joined him. He too fired at the window. Soon there were six men in the street and they hurried toward the restaurant door—openly.

"Strategy," said Joe. He turned and kissed Estrella, then slid the shotgun to the corner of the window.

THE butt of the first gun had pounded against the door when the shotgun spoke. This time the cries were horrid. There were blind men in the street, men with chests ripped and faces torn away. It was war, and Joe felt a little sick to his stomach. He handed the gun to Estrella and told her to reload.

"Then take it with you," he said. "These monkeys will remember all houses have back doors soon. Before they go around all of you can get to the boat. Now beat it!"

"Beat it?" she said. "I do no understand."

"It means get the hell out of here," said Joe. "All of you. If you can't get to the boat, scram into the hills. I'll keep these monkeys interested."

"Aha, you are one hero!" Estrella laughed.

"Get serious," said Joe. "These birds play marbles for keeps." He turned to the priest. "Father, get her out of here, will you?"

"It would be better," said the priest, "if you all went. I will open the door and go out to these men. They will never know any one but me has been here."

"And what a fine time you'll have," said Joe. "Sorry, father, that's out."

"So—we all stay," grinned Estrella.

Why argue? Joe picked up the rifle and looked out of the window. The street was clear except for a girl who sat in the gutter and cried and cried.

Joe looked at Estrella and she smiled for him. It was a nice smile. Everything about Estrella was nice, Joe decided. She was a great little sport. A sticker. She knew what would happen to her when the mob knocked down the door, but there were no tears. And she knew what he had meant when he told her to beat it. Girls learn the meaning of that expression in a seaport town—some girls.

She was whispering to the priest now, and soon they drew off into a corner. Joe understood—the confessional. He looked at Estrella's eyes when she had finished with the priest. They were bright and starry. She smiled again.

"You wish to talk with the padre?" she asked.

"Wait until he finishes with old Pedro and the boy," said Joe. "I'm not much on—"

"You?" she said quietly. "What about me?"

"You were a kid, once. A funny-faced kid that grew into a beautiful woman."

"I mean—"

Joe put his fingers across her lips. He looked into her eyes again. He'd seen little girls in white dresses coming from a church once—a long procession of bright-faced youngsters whose eyes were clear and fine. Estrella's eyes were like that now. He put his fingers under her chin. "How about a little kiss?" he said.

Estrella drew back and looked at the priest. She shook her head. He stopped grinning and put out his arms.

"The padre won't mind," he said. "Not the kind of a kiss I want. You see—I love you, Estrella."

"You love me?"

"Yes, I love you. Sometimes, when there's fighting—a war—love comes quickly. Maybe it's afraid. Maybe fear hurries it. I don't know."

She kissed him then, and the priest smiled. He motioned to Joe. There was movement in the street. Joe looked from the window. The Communists were back, dozens of them. They were setting up a machine gun behind a low wall that flanked the churchyard. They were laughing and singing. Joe rested his cheek against the gunstock and waited.

No use to knock over one man in that mob. Get the

machine gunner—that was the idea. Keep picking off the men who swung the gun and make it tough for them. Joe wished he could squat behind that thing for about five minutes. It was an old one—the same as he had used in Russia when the navy took over in 1919.

Estrella's arm was across his shoulders. He rested his cheek against hers for a moment and then pushed her away. A man was climbing to the top of the wall and in his hand was a grenade. The pin was out and the man was counting before he threw. An old-timer, thought Joe; some bird who had learned to toss grenades during the big war. He lined the front and rear sights on a gleaming brass belt buckle. He squeezed the trigger.

There was a low cry. The grenade thrower slid from the wall holding tightly to his handful of death. Seconds later an explosion ripped the night with yellow light.

"There's a break!" cried Joe. "They divided that one amongst them!"

He leaned from the window. Men were running across the churchyard. Shadowy figures that yelled and waved their arms. The machine gun sprawled on end, its muzzle in the earth and one iron leg sticking into the night. It was a chance—a long shot. He might get to the gun before those monkeys found their nerve and came back to see what had happened. He pulled at the single bar across the door and swung it open.

The church had seemed close—not more than fifty yards distant. Joe sprinted. Fifty yards? It was more like a hundred and fifty. But he got to the gun before the Communists stopped their retreat. He righted it; jabbed at the muzzle with his little finger to clear the dirt. When it was clean he squatted on the saddle and ran his hands over the firing mechanism. And did it feel good!

Now for a real crack at those monkeys! He swung the gun and tried a burst just for the hell of it.

THERE was a sound of heels against the cobble road. Joe eased the gun around. It was Estrella—laughing.

"*Es muy bien!*" she cried. "That was good!"

"Now why didn't you stay put?" said Joe. "G'wan! Find some place to hide."

"In the church," said Estrella. "Up with thee bells!"

"Great," said Joe. "Find a nice empty bell and hide."

"No—the gun goes up with thee bells."

"Not a bad idea," agreed Joe.

He hoisted the gun to his shoulder and staggered toward the church. The priest and old Pedro had hurried across the open street. Behind them came the kid lugging the shotgun. Joe found a place for the gun where he could command the street.

"Good old moon," he said.

It was a Mediterranean moon—bright enough for a man to read a newspaper. And soon a group of Communists came cautiously down the street. Joe waited patiently until they reached the door of Pedro's restaurant. Then he fired and fired and fired until there was nothing left to fire at.

"'There are smiles that make you happy,'" sang Joe.

"My love," said Estrella. "Is there no other tune?"

Joe had been looking into the night. He turned now, leaned against the gun and stared at the girl beside him. Estrella was pretending. She thought it was time to pretend again. And Joe didn't want her to pretend. He put his arm about her shoulders and walked with her from the church. He followed the path of the moon to where a small sailboat rubbed against a sagging dock. He stopped here, and for a moment looked down into those brown eyes that had grown bright and starry. They were wistful now.

"Your job—it is gone? Finished?" she asked.

"Finished?" he said. And his arm drew her to him. "It's just begun."

"I do no understand."

"You will," he promised. "You will, when you see the moon we've got in my country. It may not be so big and bright. But it comes up out of the ocean and it's soft and friendly. It looks down on homes where men sing and laugh and play with their children. It looks down on my home—on our home—"

"Yes, my love," said Estrella. And even though his arms were hurting her shoulders she did not move.

THE END

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If you wake up with a headache, just do this: Try two quick-acting, quick-dissolving BAYER ASPIRIN tablets with a little water. Take them the moment you get up — before you start dressing.

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LOOK FOR THE BAYER CROSS

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

Bride and groom playing together in Kick In. The bride is Jack's first one, young Katherine Harris.

A Marital Interlude—Romeo-and-Juliet Stuff!—Enters the Lists in a History-Making Beauty Parade

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

LOTTA FAUST—are you old enough to remember Lotta, the cute number with the beautiful back?—was Jack Barrymore's divinity for a few moments in the middle 1900s, and together they were captivating pioneers at modern restaurant dancing. After Lotta came Elsie Janis, whom he courted and might have married; but there stood "Ma" Janis, into whose calculations a husband for her Elsie did *not* enter. Next? Irene Fenwick, who had married here and there—and who now, alas (or should it be, from her point of view, hooray?), married Big Brother Lionel, whom the devoted Jack had recklessly introduced to her.

At about this juncture Jack made something of a hit as song-and-dance man in A Stubborn Cinderella, and naturally he romanced (as Mr. Collins confided last week) with the show's featured comedienne, Sally Fisher. Then he scored a real resounding hit, his first, in The Fortune Hunter. That was in 1910. It made him the youngest star on Broadway, and so valuable as an idolized bachelor that Sam Harris, the producer, insured himself with Lloyd's for fifty grand against the risk of Jack's getting married within a year.

Within six months Master Barrymore wooed, won, and wedded his first true love, Katherine Harris.

PART FOUR—A WIFE AND THREE KNOCKOUTS

WHEN an actor marries a nonprofessional, the latter is invariably described as "a society girl."

Kitty Harris, who married the great Jack Barrymore in 1910, really had some pretensions to that appellation. Her grandfather was a New York Supreme Court judge, which doesn't necessarily mean anything socially but in this case did. Her grandmother was "Gabbie" Lydig. Her father, Sidney Harris, was a lawyer of standing at the New York bar. And her mother was the sister of that Mrs. Herbert Harriman who previously married into the Stevens family that has lived for generations in feudal Stevens Castle on the west bank of the Hudson.

At that, Kitty Harris was a damn nice girl.

Jack certainly thought so. He was twenty-eight now,

and a lot older than that in the calendar of love. As the star of The Fortune Hunter, as an established figure in the American theater, he paid ardent and persistent court to this seventeen-year-old subdeb.

"It's just a regular engagement coming after a long friendship," he told the reporters. "I met her several years ago, and our liking simply grew into love."

There is a simplicity about this statement which packs the punch of truth. In the crises of his life Jack has often shown himself what Gladys Cooper said he was, "a nice man"—*and* a wholly unself-conscious one.

There was a party about this time to christen Dick Barthelmess's new apartment in New York. Barthelmess was just coming into the big money, and had spent a good bit of it on expensive rugs, period furniture, and suchlike. To the housewarming he invited a select company of stage and screen celebrities, all of whom came in full evening dress.

Toward midnight, when the repast from Louis Sherry's had been served and the guests were standing around, too awed to sit down on Dick's Louis Quatorze chairs for fear of soiling or breaking them, in walked Barrymore in worn and wrinkled tweeds, lugging under his arm a great brown-paper package which was growing greasier every minute. Plunking himself down on the most gorgeous of the silken upholstery, and holding his greasy bundle firmly on his knees, the unbidden guest began making himself agreeable.

Presently he was the cynosure of all eyes and ears. For when a Barrymore sets out to be entertaining, he or she has no equal outside his own Royal Family. Then, without pulling any of his verbal punches, he began untying his mysterious bundle.

It was a whole roast chicken. He likes chicken. So he had stopped at the corner delicatessen and provided himself with one, which he now proceeded to eat. As he tore it limb from limb, the fat trickled down on the museum chair and spattered on a thousand-dollar rug.

Florence Reed in "a terrible play called The Yellow Ticket", and Dick Barthelmess as he looked about 1910.

BARTHELMESS was in anguish. But what could he do? Jack was absolutely unconscious of doing anything out of the way. As he warmed to his work and his subject, he began gesticulating with a half-eaten chicken leg in his hand, scattering grease spots in every direction, and occasionally emphasizing a point by a poke at a shining shirt front or fluffy frock. When he had eaten his fill, he wrapped up the remains, tucked the package under his arm, and left.

He was being himself—that's all.

Jack was living at the time in a bachelor apartment on Forty-second Street, over Murray's Restaurant, whose glassware glories have long since crashed on the stony floor of time. Kitty was living with her mother on the mother's Long Island estate. But the marriage between the Broadway actor and the young girl from the Hamptons and Newport—the latter her birthplace—was not such an incongruity as it might seem.

The Drews and the Barrymores constituted an aristocracy of their own; and the Harrises had some claim to both literary and dramatic lineage.

Sidney Harris was the son of Miriam Coles Harris, who thrilled an earlier generation with her religious novel, Rutledge. Sidney himself was prominent in arts and letters while an undergraduate at Columbia, especially the art of drama. The beautiful Brady sisters—Kitty Harris the elder and the Mrs. (Stevens) Harriman aforementioned—were amateur theatrical stars. It was even whispered that Mother Kitty had played a season in Rosemary with Jack's uncle, the dress-suited John Drew.

Daughter Kitty had had no experience on the stage. But, like Elaine Barrie of the present day, she had ambitions—and, Jack thought, the makings. She was slim and fair, with clean-cut patrician features. There was about her a doll-like daintiness. With some inherited talent for the stage and efficient tutoring from a member of the Royal Family, she might do well on Broadway.

Her mother was with the lovers one hundred per cent. Sidney Harris, on the other hand, couldn't see Wild Jack Barrymore as a son-in-law.

It wouldn't be fair to Jack to say that Sid Harris's objections were all based on Jack's reputation as a Lothario. Kitty was pretty young; her father naturally thought she might better spend the next few years in a good school. Then, too, there was the sad fact that Sidney and his wife were asunder.

They had started romantically and auspiciously enough. Sidney had some money and good prospects. Kitty inherited half a million from her rich uncle, Charlie Daly. For a time the young couple cut what the society editors call a swath. But soon rumors reached the gossip sheets that they were having "rather a stormy time of it." In 1901 they were divorced.

NOW Sidney Harris ordered his divorced wife to take their daughter to France and put her in a convent school; and Mrs. Harris, reflecting on Sidney's iron will and also on her alimony, reluctantly complied. Jack Barrymore was inconsolable. But not for long. Not while Grandma Gabbie Lydig Brady had her strength and could take her pen in hand:

Dear Kitty:

Don't let your father keep you over there. Come back with your mother. You cannot be shut up. The more he is against Jack Barrymore, the more you will like him. Do not be afraid of Mr. Harris. He helped to bring you into the world. That was all.

Aunt May and Uncle Herbert [the Harrimans] are bitterly against Jack, but you don't care. Come home to see him. A lady told me today that the Barrymores go everywhere in Philadelphia. Excellent family. Excellent position.

Jack looks as if he wants a woman's care. I saw him in the street. He is so handsome. If I were a young woman, I would be crazy about him myself.

GABBIE.

Sidney, hearing rumblings of revolt, jumped a ship for Europe. But he was too late. Accompanied by her mother—who had decided to risk all, even loss of alimony—Kitty was already on the Oceanic, westbound to join her lover in New York.

Jack met the homecomers at the pier, kissed each affectionately, and took them to their Madison Avenue hotel. The following day the engagement was formally announced. Within the month they were married.

Father-in-law Sidney's state of mind was not improved by his two hurried ocean trips. (He had arrived back in New York on the eve of the wedding day, but—Katherine being eighteen by now—he had failed to persuade her to change her plans.) Aunty May and Uncle Herbie also continued to be exceeding wroth. It wasn't long before Mrs. Harris had to sue her husband for unpaid alimony; and she is now living very quietly, or was up to a short time ago, in a small apartment on unfashionable Lafayette Street. Mrs. Harriman's revenge, according to newspaper reports, fell on the gallant Gabbie, from whom she is said to have withdrawn a handsome income which she had previously settled upon her.

Thus always have women fought and bled to serve the

youngest of the royal Barrymores!

The wedding was in August, 1910. The following year Kitty went into her husband's company, which was playing Uncle Sam. The critics were agreeable but not enthusiastic. "She plays a very small part," wrote one, "and does it easily and gracefully."

She also played with Jack in the movies, in which stage actors were just getting over being too proud to work. Lionel had played with Pickford, Gish, Sweet, Walthall, and the rest in the earliest Griffith two-reelers; but it remained for the ascendant John to start the big parade of Broadway celebrities to a Cinemaland which was still located principally on Long Island and on the Hudson at Fort Lee.

EVEN Queen Ethel took a fling before the cameras; but she never really liked the work, especially the making of exteriors before gaping crowds in the New York streets. Jack didn't mind that at all; but, if we can judge from this account, he did not escape the inevitable result:

Mr. Barrymore was at work in a moving-picture scene which occasioned his appearance at an antique shop on West Twenty-eighth Street, in front of which there stood an old statue of Venus. Mr. Barrymore's "business" in the scene was, while in a state of semi-inebriety, to drape the statue with a coat, ear muffs, and other articles of apparel.

A well dressed woman, accompanied by a dignified man, passed down the street, and the lady remarked:

"Why, that's Jack Barrymore. Just look what he has come to! I wonder what his mother, Ethel Barrymore, thinks about it!"

Barrymore has always spoken scornfully of his early flickers. Even at the time, he would not take them seriously. But they meant agreeable spending money, and a pleasing diversion in which his young wife—not being required to speak lines—could play more important parts than on the stage. The road also offered Katherine added opportunities for stepping from supporting roles to leading ones.

For this reason, the usually Broadway-loving Barrymore was quite willing to take Uncle Sam on a cross-continent tour.

It was while the company was in Rochester that he took part in his first publicly recorded fist fight. He was escorting Kitty and another young woman of the cast to their hotel when they were followed by three mashers, who made off-color remarks about the two girls. Barrymore held himself in until he had got his charges inside the hotel door. Then, without saying a word, he went right out again and, singlehanded, licked the daylight out of the three loafers.

On this same trip he engaged in the scrap with a San Francisco barber which was later to cost him $815. As a local paper reported it:

John Barrymore, actor, engages Martin Bergman, barber, for a shave. Gets shave, hot towel, and altercation from Bergman. Throws towel on floor. Does likewise with brush and comb. Then places Bergman in same position with well directed blow on face. All because barber insisted the actor should have a haircut, and Barrymore didn't want one because, in his present role, he has to wear it long.

Little by little, blow by blow, young Jack was building up almost as great a reputation as a fighter as had his late father, the immortal Maurice. The reputation stuck to Jack throughout a good part of his career—although it was slightly deflated some twenty years later by Battling Selznick of the Hollywood Selznicks on the lawn of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles. Even then, it was not the blow that Myron struck which hurt so much. It was his parting remark as reported in the press:

"I told you I didn't want to fight a man of your age."

Jack Barrymore old? The thought would have perished in 1912 and 1913; for Jack in his new-found happiness was supremely young. He even planned to write a novel! When reporters rushed to his dressing room to confirm this literary rumor, he said the title would be Leading the Open Life Along Broadway, and the novel would be largely autobiographical. Then, according to one reporter, he glanced for approval at Kitty.

"'If it hadn't been for her,' said Barrymore, 'I never would have undertaken this book, because the Lord knows writing is not in my line. It is in hers.'"

THE resolve to write a novel did not last, nor, after a few years, did the love idyl which inspired it.

In the fall of 1916, Kitty's sudden departure for Santa Barbara, California, started the Broadway rumor-and-denial factory on full time. A year passed—the period required to establish the legal residence specified by the California courts. Then word came from Santa Barbara that pretty Mrs. Jack Barrymore had obtained her interlocutory decree.

According to the California dispatches, she told the judge the glamour of being wedded to a celebrated actor wore off in a few years. She testified that although her husband was regarded as a regular cutup, his gaiety didn't extend to the fireside.

"His life was before the footlights," asserted Mrs. Barrymore, "and there he lived it. When he arrived home after a performance he had exhausted his humor and his interest, and spent all the rest of the time in reading books and sleeping.

"Jack read all night frequently, while I watched and waited for recognition; and he slept all day, leaving a call for just before the time the curtain was scheduled to rise. One night in New York he telephoned from a club that he wasn't coming home, and later a friend brought word that all was off between us.

Why Are So Many YOUNG Men Getting BALD?
IT IS appalling what price young men pay for neglecting to do the simple, common-sense things to stop excessive loss of hair. Why pay the price? It's better to have put up a fight and lost, than not to have fought at all. If you are losing your hair because of lack of proper exercise of the scalp muscles... or if clinging dandruff is smothering and choking the hair roots, you can do the simple, common-sense things that should stop excessive loss of hair in those conditions.
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DANDRUFF
Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR and SCALP

"I thought it would be grand to be the wife of such a man before I married him, and even when later he told me we were to part forever I tried to win him back. His only response was that our temperaments were too different, and further living together was impossible."

Jack's friend, Edward Sheldon, the playwright, corroborated Kitty's recital. So, more or less—in New York, where he was playing Peter Ibbetson—did Jack himself:

"Katherine was much younger than I, a charming, delightful, ingenuous person. She . . . looked upon Broadway as something not unlike the Promised Land. To her, actors were jolly fellows whose amusing monkeyshines continued after the theater in gay restaurants, in Bohemian studios, and even at the breakfast table before the coffee was served.

"Like most bums, I had a secret passion for domesticity. To me marriage meant escape from Broadway. To Katherine's intense bewilderment and dismay, this supposedly glamorous Broadway party hound turned out to be a dull goof who at once bought himself a pair of carpet slippers and put his dress suit away in moth balls.

"It is not fair to Katherine to indicate that this was her only complaint against me. I know that often I was a very trying person, and even now I cannot reasonably explain my irritatingly inconsistent conduct. I don't know why a guy who thinks he wants to be domestic, and who revolts against going to parties with his charming wife, feels that she is quite unreasonable in raising merry hell when he comes home unsteadily at 5 A. M. after an innocent evening with the boys."

THIS honest simple statement is another reminder that in the clutches Jack invariably rings true. The temptation is always to dismiss him as a bizarre exhibitionist. Nothing could be further from the fact.

That he drank too much at this period of his career, John would be the last to deny. The climax came when he and the late John Mason, a veteran kindred spirit, were appearing with Florence Reed in a terrible play called The Yellow Ticket. Miss Reed never knew when or whether either of her leading men would show up for the night's performance or what they would do or say. Wrote a recent chronicler:

"The unhappy heroine of The Yellow Ticket was a woman of the street. Upon that regrettable fact Mr. Barrymore long had brooded, possibly fearing the poor soul's shoes wouldn't hold out. At any rate, he felt that something ought to be done about it. And so one night, with no hint of his philanthropic purpose, he proceeded to do it. Into his most important scene with Miss Reed he put something the author had left out.

"He drew forth a yellow ticket and presented it to Miss Reed, tenderly explaining it would enable her to ride in taxicabs for the remainder of an exceedingly hard winter. Overwhelmed by her fellow player's kindness, not to mention the audience's shrieking delight, Miss Reed had the curtain rung down.

"Nursing his wounded feelings next day, Mr. Barrymore wondered what the newspapers would say about his ill-starred beneficence, and his wonder grew at reading a statement given to the press by Manager Al Woods. It explained that the abrupt termination of the performance had been due to the fact that Mr. Barrymore was suddenly stricken with an acute attack of gallstones."

The sequel to this incident occurred many years later, when Barrymore was at the height of his success in Hollywood, and Al Woods, hard hit by the theater's decline, was lying ill in a New York hospital. One day there arrived at Mr. Woods's bedside a large photograph of the actor. The inscription read:

To Al from Jack, with much love and many gallstones.

During his marriage to Katherine Harris the public had been bombarded with stories of Barrymore's reform, similar to those sickening yarns with which we were surfeited during the Dolores Costello era:

"Young Barrymore no longer cuts up or stays out all night."

"He has put behind him forever the frivolities and extravagances of exuberant bachelorhood."

Now the same authorities who had doomed him to a life of dull conventionality announced—with the air of philosophic Christopher Columbuses—that a leopard cannot change his spots.

"Wild Jack," "the beautiful wastrel," "the bad boy of the American theater" was in circulation again. The only question was:

"Which girl will get him next?"

Glimpses of Jack as a Greenwich Villager; a surprising glimpse of a youthful and still unknown Tallulah Bankhead; a good long revealing look at "Michael Strange," society poet, (briefly) dramatist, and (very, very briefly) actress, as she took her turn in the difficult role of Mrs. John Barrymore—these treasures are in store for you next week!

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A FATHER LOOKS AT RADICALISM IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

And Asks a Plain Question—Are Teacher-Groups Organizing to Overthrow Our Government?

by ROSCOE PEACOCK

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

JUST as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." I am the father of two bright youngsters approaching school age and am becoming profoundly disturbed at what they bid fair to face.

Popular education has long been a fetish with Americans. We want a degree of culture for our children that we ourselves failed to achieve. What a vile thing it would seem, then, to see our great public-school system prostituted to the base uses of political propaganda!

Two years ago, I ran across a newspaper dispatch that immediately aroused my curiosity. It was headed Sweeping Reforms Advocated in U. S. Educational System. The article went on to review a new book, Conclusions and Recommendations of the Commission on the Social Studies of the American Historical Association (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1934). This book seemed an impudent challenge to our whole theory of government, for it clearly defined all that our forefathers fought for as an outworn and discredited system, due for the junk pile as soon as militant teachers started manning the barricades.

The publication of a letter I wrote this newspaper, protesting any such attitude on the part of the prominent educators responsible for the book, brought me an anonymous communication from a New York suburb telling me I probably didn't realize the half of what was going on in our select educational circles, and urged that I read the following: The Myth of Rugged Individualism, by Charles A. Beard. Dare the School Build a New Social Order? by George S. Counts. The Soviet Challenge to America, also by Counts. A Call to the Teachers of the Nation, by the Committee of the Progressive Education Association on Social and Economic Problems.

In spite of my earlier reading of Conclusions and Recommendations, I was astonished at the doctrines set forth in the foregoing books. Revolution against our present form of government is freely advocated. A typical instance is in Counts's Dare the School Build a New Social Order? in which he urges that the new social order "transform or *destroy* all conventions, institutions, and special groups inimical to the underlying principles of 'democracy'; and finally be prepared, as a last resort, in either the defense or the realization of this purpose, to follow the method of *revolution*."

The National Education Association is our oldest and largest teachers' organization. Naturally it became an object of proselyting by this radical cabal. This association holds two conventions annually. At the St. Louis convention, this year, Beard and Counts were the "fair-haired boys." They made the principal addresses, received an ovation, and put over their pet resolutions with a bang, from which I quote as follows:

"We recognize that the special privilege, ignorance, and selfishness within our gates are enemies even more menacing than any that may be threatening from without. We urge, therefore, that the instructional program should aid pupils to a clear recognition of these enemies of democracy. . . . We also recognize that the American people are economically confused. . . . We maintain that the development of sound social attitudes . . . can only result from action based on sound, long-term social and educational planning."

"We would again urge that the personnel of the Federal Office of Education be materially increased in order that it may more largely co-ordinate and initiate the research service demanded by changing social conditions."

". . . determined opposition to national groups which advocate fixing the limit of free public education at the elementary school level, and to leagues and alliances which are trying to emasculate the school program to protect wealth from taxation."

Could any Union Square soapbox orator use more familiarly such expressions as "special privilege," "enemies of democracy," "economically confused," "social attitudes," "long-term planning," "changing social conditions," and "emasculating the school program to protect wealth from taxation"?

Within a comparatively short space of time, twenty-three states have passed teachers' oath laws, and the movement continues. I believe these laws are a direct result of what teachers themselves in all too many cases doggedly refuse to face, namely, the fact of their own flirtation with the doctrines of communism and socialism.

For many months of the school season the N. E. A. has had time on the air waves for a twice-a-week series of broadcasts. In those I have heard there is a constant tendency to follow the road to the Left rather than to the Right or even a middle course. Officers of the N. E. A. deny a socialistic attitude. But the record is damning.

THE END

Tops in Taps, a Judge, and a Hussy

A Dancing Pair, a Mender of Hearts, and a Celebrated Lady Provide a Varied Week in the Movies

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD 1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ SWING TIME

THE PLAYERS: Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, Eric Blore, Betty Furness, Georges Metaxa, Landers Stevens, John Harrington, Pierre Watkin, Abe Reynolds, Gerald Hamer. Directed by George Stevens. From an original story by Erwin Gelsey. Produced by RKO Radio Pictures.

ANOTHER variation of the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers dance plot. It is smart, sophisticated, and suave, and it steps along at a lively rhythm. Maybe it isn't the best of the Astaire-Rogers operas. Who am I to judge? They're my weakness and sane judgment fails me.

This one is about a boy who falls in love with a pretty dance-hall instructress. His promises to a girl back home and the dancer's misunderstanding, along with her near-marriage to an orchestra maestro, provide the slender theme behind the song-and-dance numbers. Luckily, nobody takes the plot seriously, not even the chief characters. True, the story gets adequate first-aid treatment from Victor Moore as a small-time magician turned gambler and from Helen Broderick as an acid dance hostess.

The music is tuneful and pleasant, the scenic backgrounds are opulent and lovely, the co-stars never danced better together. In fact, Swing Time is a decidedly happy event.

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in their latest hit, Swing Time.

VITAL STATISTICS: Despite gilded success, gnome-man Fred Astaire still bromides it's 98 per cent perspiration and a very small 2 per cent inspiration. To prove it, he increased his and Ginger's personal rehearsal period from four to six weeks. Dressed in old flannels and short-sleeved sweater, Fred always arrives on set before any one else, fusses around, then warms up. The Rogers, in slacks and sweater, comes a few minutes after nine, and serious work sets in about ten o'clock. It continues till five thirty or six, with two- or three-minute rest periods when there's dancing, and a short lunch period. Fred always carries extra shoes—spare tires, he calls them. When you dance a few hundred miles a week, you need them. Fred sticks to old friends and things—refused to give up the fur lining in a fur coat he loves and wears in snow scenes in this, though studio thermometers were boiling. In the Pick Yourself Up number, when asked if she could dance clumsy, Ginger said: "It's easy for me but hard for Fred." Chesterfiendishly Fred retorted: "Many's the unpremeditated bump I've taken!" Both Astaire and Rogers worked on popular songs they're scribbling, Rogers's being I Can't Understand Why You Can't Understand Why I Can't Understand Why You Can't Understand Me, or something to that effect. Fred cleaned up on Building Up to an Awful Letdown. His newie: I'll Never Let You Go. Sometimes Rogers brings a radiophonograph on set and Fred plays the piano during rests, yet neither jars on other. Though London's Best Dressed Man choice, Fred won't be complimented on his clothes. Spent two days in tails and top hat around the freight yards in tough L. A. district, but no one hissed or wisecracked. Jumped off moving freight car against Director Stevens's orders, double's job supposedly. Got lecture. Promised never to jeopardize those $1,000,000 legs—insured by Lloyd's, of course. Ginger, minus her Ayres, is playing the Hollywooers again. . . . Victor Throttlebottom Moore is of Hammonton, New Jersey. Married the late Emma Littlefield in 1903; played the famous Change Your Act or Go Back to the Woods skit with her for years. She died in 1933, about at Moore's success heights, when he vice-prexied so helplessly in Of Thee I Sing. Vic has three fairly grown-up Moores. One son is shooting rattlesnakes on site for Moore Cal. farm. Played in movies when actors filled in between scenes by juggling scenery, rustling props. Has had klieg eyes; remembers when Hollywood worked by sunlight or not at all. He has been Chimmie Fadden in original Forty-five Minutes from B'way; has given up former hobbies of buying wildcat stock and poker for farming. . . . Georges (Gorgeous) Metaxa is Rumanian by birth, Bucharest lawyer, ex-diplomat, musicomedy singer (Bitter Sweet, Revenge with Music); is married to Byrnece Macfadden, daughter of my favorite publisher.

★ ★ ★ COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

THE PLAYERS: William Harrigan, Robert T. Haines, Regina Wallace, Georgette McKee. Directed by Ben Blake. Produced by Columbia Pictures.

YOU know radio's latest hit, the Court of Human Relations. You know the real-life stories of True Story. This series of thirteen single-reel dramas combines the two ideas. In the few minutes of the first, Mad Money, you see a family before the kindly judge of an unofficial court. The story is the tragedy of a mechanic who wins a $30,000 sweepstakes prize—and loses his home. The story is told dramatically, portending an interesting series.

★ ★ ½ THE GORGEOUS HUSSY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Melvyn Douglas, James Stewart, Alison Skipworth, Louis Calhern, Beulah Bondi, Sidney Toler, Clara Blandick, Frank Conroy, Charles Trowbridge. Directed by Clarence Brown. Story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THIS is a romance built around Washington's first scandal. Peggy O'Neal was the daughter of a capital innkeeper. National characters, ranging from Daniel Webster to Martin Van Buren, stuck around Papa O'Neal's hostelry as thick as Hollywood stars at the Beverly Brown Derby. Peggy, if we may believe history, got to know the national lawmakers better than the more modern authors of The Washington Merry-Go-Round.

Oddly enough, for all her romances (and Peggy had a series of ★★★★ ones), it isn't the glamour of Joan Crawford you remember when you walk out. It's the hard-fisted elemental Andrew Jackson of Lionel Barrymore, and the simple pipe-smoking Rachel Jackson of Beulah Bondi. You will hardly know Lionel with his new rubberoid make-up, M-G-M's newest contribution to the art of acting, and you will admire his Old Hickory; but my award goes to Miss Bondi. Her Rachel Jackson is touchingly real and of the soil.

Most moviegoers will go to see The Gorgeous Hussy because of the lovely posters of La Crawford in Bob Taylor's arms, rather than at the promptings of history. If so, you'll be disappointed. Taylor plays a bouncing, marcelled sailor boy who dies at the end of the second reel. I trust his Armand opposite Garbo will have more restraint. Miss Crawford travels under wraps as Peggy. I'm afraid history frightened her.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture was terribly overlong and had to be remade from the cutting-room floor. Crawford's most emotional scene before the cabinet-and-wives meeting getting the final shears. . . . Producer Joseph Mankiewicz, M-G-M producer, has in short career spent almost two million in producing three pictures, and only yesterday he was a Columbia University freshman who caught footballs with his head! Mankiewicz is witty, no double-crosser of writers, husband of Elizabeth Young, actress, father of one babby. The enfant terrible of M-G-M, Mankiewicz made Fury, anti-lynch film which proved M-G-M had a social-minded side. . . . Rob Taylor is expected to succeed John Gilbert in slaying the women of the world, and already it's hard to get a kind word for him out of males, a sure sign of greatness. . . . James Stewart, lanky lean Princeton grad from Indiana, Pennsylvania, isn't handsome, is forty pounds lighter than Clark Gable, plays a slumped accordion limply. . . . Joan Crawford, really Billie Cassin, has an attic full of dance cups she won for dancing. Once assisted in department stores. Public named her Joan Crawford and Hollywood has entirely made her over. Is practically most ambitious and willing-to-learn gal in Hollywood. . . . Neither the forehead, nose, nor chin of Lionel Barrymore are his, but are copies of Andrew Jackson's, sculpted on in rubber.

★ ★ ½ THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN

THE PLAYERS: Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Digges, Porter Hall, William Frawley, J. M. Kerrigan, Philip Ahn, Lei Tung Foo, Leonid Kinsky. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Adapted by Clifford Odets from a story by Charles G. Booth. Produced by Paramount.

AN attempt to recapture the glamorous mystery and punch of Shanghai Express. Unfortunately, this is the Shanghai Local. You have the same background—an Oriental train speeding through the black Chinese night, sinister dangers on every side. Gary Cooper is carrying the funds to finance the revolution of the downtrodden yellow province oppressed by a cruel war lord. On the train is a lovely blonde doing her best, against her will, to aid in blocking the heroic transaction.

All this sounds exciting. But it falters. For one thing, Director Milestone gets too absorbed in his lesser characters, and he is too concerned with catching pictorial beauty, too intent upon his stylized technique. Also, Scenarist Odets, for all his crisp staccato dialogue, goes in a bit thick for moralizing about the underdog. So the melodrama stumbles along to a bizarre climax.

As the idealistic soldier of fortune, Cooper will win you. Madeleine Carroll is a lovely lure, but—let me be honest—she hasn't the come-hither of Marlene Dietrich with her piquant legs and feathers.

VITAL STATISTICS: Robustly tall, bespectacled-serious, hayrick-bushy redheaded, violently opinioned, twenty-nine-year-old Clifford Odets, the Bernard Shaw of the Bronx, used to call the movies the celluloid opiate of the people. When his very lefty play Waiting for Lefty shot him up among Gene O'Neill, he disdained all Hollywood offers, topped by M-G-M's amazing $3,500 per weekem. Hollywood persisted, and Odets finally was claimed by Paramount for $2,500 a week capitalistic gold, thereby causing Hollywood, which heretofore had sneered respectfully at him, to just plain sneer at him. . . . Three studios clamoring for Chinese actors and extras, Paramount had to raid the vegetable stands around Los Angeles, where yellows peddle the potatoes. Now, with a taste of grease paint in their mouths, no Chinaboy wants to return to minding his peas. . . . Technical adviser was no Chinaman, but Count André Tolstoy, great-grandnevvy of the Tolstoy, and veteran of the famous ice retreat of the White Kolchak army across Siberia and machine-gun instructor for troops of General Chang Tso-lin, war lord. Tolstoy has become mister, a native son, and swears all incredible hokey ideas in this have precedent in Chinese fact. . . . Joseph Michael Kerrigan is unmarried, thinks Dublin the center of the universe, and longs for a little clean cabin in Wicklow where he can think, drink, and play horses. . . . Having been transformed from pure Gaelic to pure Chinese, Dud Digges was awf'ly put out when Kerrigan immediately recognized his "homely Irish puss." . . . You have seen Akim Tamiroff, the gent with the 1,000 faces, a hundred times; but so cunningly does he disguise his Rahshn Arty face, you probably don't remember him. Akim got warlord part because no Chinaman could be found to look that fierce. . . . Madeleine Carroll's castle in Spain, being built by her and husband Captain Astley, is directly in line of Spanish-revolt fire. . . . Lei Tung Foo violently objected to smacking Carroll in the pretty pass, never having hit a woman on or off screen in his life, and when he finally had to do it, jarred her not a little. Showed nerves of steel when Tamiroff in take after take sliced twenty shirts, sixty buttons, and twenty pairs of pants off him with a razor-sharp bayonet. . . . Porter Hall had to do his death scene first, then come to life and build up to it.

★ ★ CRAIG'S WIFE

THE PLAYERS: Rosalind Russell, John Boles, Billie Burke, Jane Darwell, Dorothy Wilson, Alma Kruger, Thomas Mitchell, Raymond Walburn, Robert Allen, Elizabeth Risdon, Nydia Westman, Kathleen Burke. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Adapted from a stage play by George Kelly. Produced by Columbia Pictures.

ON the stage this was a Pulitzer Prize play. In 1928 it was made into a silent picture. Now, in 1936 talkie form, it emerges as a cold impersonal panorama of a young woman who loves her house beyond everything. In order to keep it spotless and untouched by infidel hand, she craftily segregates her husband. When hubby discovers that he is living in a colorless guarded showcase, he rebels. And there's your play.

Dorothy Arzner has directed with intelligence but little warmth. Even Rosalind Russell as Harriet Craig is frigid and impersonal. Much better is John Boles as the husband, and

You can't get away with it!

In Business

"She looks bright and acts bright—why on earth doesn't she get wise to herself? I'm certainly not going to stand for *this*. It's either Mum for her or a new secretary for me."

In Love

"She isn't the girl I thought she was. She could be so swell, too, if it weren't for this. Wonder why somebody doesn't tell her, or give her some Mum or something. Well, I can't be bothered."

EMPLOYERS and men in love are alike in this — they refuse to bother with a girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor.

The up-to-date girl knows the quick, easy answer to this problem. The daily Mum habit!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe all day long.

Use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration, you know. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration *odor*.

Remember — nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as ugly perspiration odor. Don't risk it — use Mum regularly, every day! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO, and you'll never have another moment's worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Alma Kruger as an aunt who breaks the news to Walter Craig that he's in domestic cold storage.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rosalind (Elegant) Russell majored at Barnard in metaphysics, theology, English; is full of impulsive self-sufficiency; never lets anything stand in her way to her goals, of which she's kicked many; is the coolest dame in Hollywood. . . . Texan John Boles has decided not yet to vacation from screen, as announced. . . . Raymond Walburn was acting in Frisco during the earthquake, but insists his hamming didn't cause it. . . . Elizabeth Risdon's first husband was late George Loane Tucker, Miracle Man producer; and she's now married to Brandon Evans, actor. They have Bainter Fay, a cat, and Crisscracker, a dog. . . . Robert Allen's married to Evelyn Peirce. They have Prinz Ivalli, Belge shepherd. . . . Director Dorothy Arzner is the only woman director in Hollywood. She has worked her way up through studyostenogging, script and film handling, writing and politics. Dotty thinks when women forget to blow up in nervy moments, and learn to cut film, write scripts, slice production costs, jolly producers, juggle lights, take swearing lightly, there'll be more women directors. Most women now, she says, think directing is telling actors how to act. . . . Craig's Wife received a Pulitzer Prize under storm of protest and is tenth of seventeen prizers to be filmed!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat, The Country Doctor.

★★★½—Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January.

★★★—Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots.

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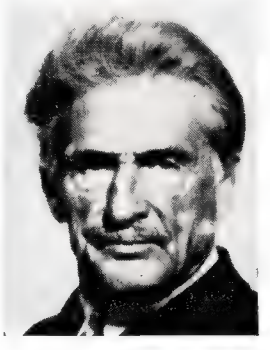
BERNARR MACFADDEN

HUMANITARIAN — PUBLICIST — PHILANTHROPIST



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GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **I'M FOR ROOSEVELT** by Joseph P. Kennedy. Reynal & Hitchcock.
A nationally known financier, through careful research, gives us the vital statistics of Roosevelt's administration in language a layman can understand.

★ ★ ½ **HEROD** by Jacob S. Minkin. The Macmillan Company.
It will help the reader of this interesting biography if he realizes at the outset that the Herod being talked about is not the Herod who slew John the Baptist, and that Herod's sister Salome is not the later Salome who danced John's head off. The book is informative and engrossing nevertheless.

★ ★ ½ **THE STORY OF PROPHECY** by Henry James Forman. Farrar & Rinehart.
An interesting study of the prophecies in the history of the world.

★ ★ **STARLIGHT** by H. Mortimer Batten. D. Appleton-Century Company.
The life, love, and battles of a wolf in the great Northwest. Told à la Kipling and with an apparently great knowledge of animal and wood lore. Will be enjoyed by sportsmen and children.

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Why KILL the Umpire?

Carry This to the World Series, and Before You Throw That Pop Bottle, Consider What It Tells You About a Much-Maligned Man

by

FRANK "BUCK" O'NEILL

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

THE shortstop digs a hard-hit grounder out of the dirt, whirls into throwing position, and wings his throw to first base. The first baseman, keeping his toe on the bag, stretches to meet the ball. A white-uniformed player races to the bag almost in a dead heat with the ball. Almost, but not quite, with the ball.

The umpire sweeps his arm upward, thumb high in the air.

"He's out!" shouts the man in blue.

The coach at first base and the breathless runner join in stormy protest against the ruling of the judge of play.

"He got there with the ball; he's safe," contends the coach. The crowd supports the contention of the home team. Somewhere in the stands a fan raises the shout:

"Kill the umpire!"

But why kill the umpire?

He is as necessary to the game as the players themselves. In Great Britain, Japan, and other better disciplined countries, the word of the official is accepted as final. To protest against his rulings is a manifestation of poor sportsmanship.

Just recently, in a major-league game, a team had runners on first and second bases with one out. The batsman raised an easy fly to the shortstop, who did not bother to catch the ball. The umpire at once ruled the batter out, and some of the crowd roared their protests. They did not know that with runners on first and second--or first, second, and third—with one out or none out, a batter hitting a fly ball which an infielder may handle is automatically out. If the ball is not caught, the base runners may advance at their own risk.

Yet, with a precocity that is almost a characteristic of American crowds, the fans protested over a matter of rule interpretation which they did not understand. Baseball is America's national game, but the average fan does not know the rules except for the fundamentals of fair or foul, safe or out.

Since it is human to err, it cannot be denied that umpires make mistakes. But fewer than one half of one per cent in error marks the work of the umpires who may make 300 or more decisions on ball or strike, fair or foul, safe or out, in a ball game.

By the very nature of his work the umpire is a man apart in the game he safeguards so zealously. No one applauds his verdicts. His greatest reward is to be ignored. If crowds leaving the stadium after a game cannot recall his name, his work has been well done.

The immortal "Silk" O'Loughlin said years ago that you could not "beat the hours" of the umpire's job. Yet the penalties of the job forced Fred Marberry and "Dolly" Stark, two of the finest umpires of recent years, to resign. Ostracism forced upon them by league regulations, and the nervous strain caused by the demands for perfection, were too great.

League regulations keep the umpire apart from player and fan during the season. With few exceptions, the officials do not stay at hotels patronized by ball clubs. When traffic schedules permit, the umpires do not ride on the same trains with the teams.

Even in the spring training camps, when umpires are assigned to sharpen their eyes and refresh their knowledge of the rules, the umpire remains aloof from the players.

Guardians of a sport whose total assets and investments exceed the billion-dollar mark, the umpires are the poorest-paid men in the public eye.

The man in blue breaking into the major leagues receives approximately $4,000 his first year, or maybe two years. The highest-salaried umpires receive less than $10,000 a year. Out of this they pay all of their expenses during the season except their railroad fare, which is furnished by the league in which they work.

The umpire is away from his home approximately 175 days a year, and his average expenses, aside from transportation, amount to $7.50 a day. This covers hotel room, food, taxicabs, and incidentals.

In addition to current expenses, league officials insist that umpires be neatly and correctly attired on the field.

Each blue uniform costs $75. Two pairs of shoes—one heavily armored pair for use behind the plate, and one lighter pair for use on bases—are in the official wardrobe of the umpire. The heavy shoes cost $22.50 a pair. The lighter shoes average about $12 a pair. A mask of best quality costs $10, the chest protector costs about the same price, and the uniform caps, indicators, and stop watches all help the costs to mount.

When all charges are paid, if the umpire has $50 a week, or, in the case of the higher-paid officials, somewhat more than that, on which to maintain his home and family, he is doing fairly well.

Your umpire, then, might be singled out as the legitimate prey of gamblers seeking an unbeatable edge.

But never once in the history of professional baseball, which three times rocked to its foundations under scandals involving ballplayers, has a finger of suspicion ever been leveled at the men in blue.

In 1877, the second year of the National League of professional baseball clubs, the first scandal fouled the game. Four players of the Louisville baseball club were found guilty of selling games.

These men, A. H. Nichols, William H. Carver, George Hall, and James Devlin, blazed a trail that later was followed by "Swede" Risberg, Eddie Cicotte, "Chick" Gandil, "Happy" Felsch, Dickie Williams, Joe Jackson, and "Buck" Weaver, who were disbarred from baseball following irregularities in the World Series between the Cincinnati Reds and Chicago White Sox in 1919.

In 1924 the misguided Jimmy O'Connell was ruled out for approaching Heinie Sand of the Philadelphia Phillies, and requesting him not to bear down against the Giants, who were fighting for the pennant.

How different is the story of the umpire. In 1908, when the Giants were fighting the Cubs for the pennant, a man well known about town in New York approached Jim Johnstone, the umpire, and offered him a great sum of money to give the Giants the edge.

Johnstone threw the man out of his

quarters and threatened to kick him right into a hospital if he ever returned. After the game at the Polo Grounds that same afternoon, Johnstone walked over to the press stand and told his story to the reporters.

"If baseball has come to this," Johnstone said, "I'll resign."

It is upon such rugged honesty as this that the security of baseball is founded. The day that the umpires turn crooked will mark the beginning of the downfall of professional baseball.

It was not egotism but deep-seated pride in his calling that caused Bill Klem, veteran National League umpire, to announce to a somewhat startled world that he never had missed a decision in his life. It was an infallibility of heart rather than of eye with which Klem cloaked himself. His vision might have tricked him into error. But always his heart was right.

Seldom do umpires ever talk of the unpleasant incidents that marked games in which they officiated. For the most part, the men in blue wish to forget those days.

Harry Geisel, American League staff official, will remember July 4, 1934, after many other games have been forgotten. The Cleveland Indians were in Detroit, playing a double-header. Detroit was in the throes of pennant fever, the first since 1909 in the days of Tyrus Raymond Cobb and Hughie Jennings. The crowd overflowed on the field and ground rules were necessary.

In the ninth inning of the first game, with Cleveland leading by a run, Cochrane got to second base on what would be the tying run. "Goose" Goslin hit a fly to right field, and Sam Rice, playing right for the Indians, set for the catch. The crowd charged Rice, jostled him, and made him miss the ball.

Cochrane crossed the plate and the crowd raised a terrific cheer. The cheer turned to a groan, however, when Geisel ruled Goslin out on interference, and the game ended with the Indians victorious.

Geisel was greeted with a storm of catcalls and hoots when he walked out on the field at the start of the second game, but Cochrane stopped that by a friendly gesture which assured the crowd that the umpire was right.

One of the stalwarts of the group is George Moriarty. He never counted the odds when called upon to enforce the authority vested in him by the American League.

Moriarty braved the temper of a World Series crowd in Chicago, and the Chicago Cubs themselves, when he expelled Charley Grimm, "Woodie" English, and others from a critical game in the series with the Detroit Tigers. Moriarty refused to allow the censure that grew out of that act to weigh heavily upon him. He said, and rightly, that "Hank" Greenberg, first baseman of the Detroit Tigers, was not to be abused because of his religion.

President Clark C. Griffith of the Washington Senators delights in telling the story of how he put Moriarty in to play first base for the old Yankees at the Hilltop grounds in New York, for the express purpose of picking a fight with Ty Cobb so that the Georgian would be put out of the game. Moriarty did his part, and Cobb was willing to battle, but Tim Hurst, a fighting umpire himself, detected the plot and broke up the threatened row.

Below: Umpire Harry Geisel getting the worst of a bad collision with Joe Cronin in a recent Yankee-Red Sox game. Lou Gehrig (4) was safe on the mixup. At left: Emmet Ormsby.

Left: A matter of opinions and tempers during the 1935 World Series. Carleton and Hartnett voice their disapproval of umpire Stark's decision as manager Grimm brings up verbal reinforcements. Above: (l. to r.) Veterans Klem and Moriarty.

There's a tale of Emmet "Red" Ormsby that belongs in any story of the umpire.

It was Jamieson Day in Cleveland, and Forest City fans turned out to honor their left fielder. During the course of the game a Cleveland batter bunted along the first-base line and started lickety-split for first base.

The opposing first baseman rushed forward to field the bunt. The base-runner, to avoid a collision, cut in on the grass of the diamond instead of swinging to his right and taking the lane made by the line that parallels the foul line toward first base.

Umpire Campbell, who since has left the major-league scene, ruled the base runner out for interference. Now Ormsby, standing at third base, had no more to do with that decision than you did, but somebody hurled a bottle that struck him on the head, and he lay in a hospital for days, fighting bravely for his life.

Billy Evans, Bill McGowan, and veterans Thomas Connolly, Tim Hurst, Jack Sheridan, "Silk" O'Loughlin, and others all had their narrow escapes. Why? Try to figure it out for yourself the next time a close one is called and the wolf pack howls, "Kill the umpire!"

THE END

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

IMMORTALITY

by NARD JONES

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

I WAS on my way to a Home-coming game for the first time since 1929—and feeling pretty good about it.

There was a case of Scotch in the back seat of my car, just so I'd be a little more welcome into a fraternity house full of youngsters who didn't know me from Adam.

All in all, I was feeling high. To top it off, we had a team that could come close enough to scare State even if it didn't beat them. And there was a sophomore named Higgins who looked like All-American material. He was the kind of player who puts drama into a game.

I stopped in a little town to get gas, and while I sat there in the car I looked up the hill and saw a set of white buildings in the sun. "That's Resthaven Sanatorium," the station attendant said.

Then I remembered some one saying, "You know Hartley Fraser? I understand he's up at Resthaven Sanatorium. He's never been well since he left college, you know. The other day it got him, and they packed him off. Poor Hart! Some of us ought to run up there and see him."

"Yes, we ought to do that some day," I said.

Driving up the graveled road to the sanatorium I remembered Pete Mendelson, who had been about the biggest thing that had ever happened to our college. Mendelson made the All-American twice, and when he graduated they put his number into the limbo of things to be half-remembered. Pete was big and rambling and blond. He had piggish blue eyes and a messy mouth.

We all knew that he'd been dead drunk the night before he plunged and kicked his way to the sixth straight victory for the school. No matter what we thought of drinking, we knew it wasn't the thing to get tight before a game, not even if you won it. Especially when the alumni furnished half the money for your schooling, and the other half came from your mother who superintended the spotting room in a cleaning plant at a hundred dollars a month.

But Mendelson was a football player all right, and it seemed at the time that nobody would ever forget him. Now I couldn't even recall the number he'd worn, the one they put away and never assigned again. And if I hadn't been driving up to Resthaven to see Hartley Fraser, I wouldn't have remembered Mendelson at all.

Once I believed I'd never forget how Pete Mendelson had sagged down in a play, leaving Hartley Fraser kicked in the head before he'd been in the game two minutes. That night in the fraternity house Pete Mendelson said, "It's tough on Hart, all right. But a star like me can't be expected to take 'em out for a punk like Fraser who don't know a football when he sees one."

It had been Hartley Fraser's first chance after a year with the scrubs. He'd worked three years on the track team before that, never quite winning a letter. But he got himself a heart that made him take elevators and taxis, and prepared the way for what came later. Up there in the stands we knew that when Mendelson failed to take out his man, he lost for Fraser his first and only chance. But we didn't know until that night at the fraternity house that Pete had held back, saving himself.

That was a stiff dose of the world for young bucks to take. Here was Pete raising merry hell and playing the game for himself—and winning. And Hart Fraser training hard and working hard for the school—to pass unrecognized, injured for life into the bargain.

Of course the coach knew that Mendelson played to the stands and the sporting sheets, and the team knew it. But there wasn't much to be done about it. The laurels were his. He won the games and he brought the crowds.

I thought of all this as I drove up the graveled road to Resthaven Sanatorium to see Hartley Fraser.

He was sitting up, so changed that I must have looked startled, for before I could greet him and shake his hand he said, "It's I, all right, John. Come in. I'm darned glad to see you."

I took his hand. It was thin and bony, and the fingers trembled a little. "I've been meaning to come for a long time, Hart."

Then he said, "I suppose you're on your way to the big game?"

"Why, yes. Wish you could come along."

"I wish so, too," he answered surprisingly. "But the nurse is bringing me a radio. I understand this Higgins—this Number Forty-eight—is pretty good."

"I saw him in the Montana game. He's got all there is."

We talked quite a while. I don't know just how it happened, but I didn't go on to the game. I brought in a bottle of the Scotch from the car, and the nurse made highballs, and I listened to the game over the radio with Hartley Fraser. I never saw any one enjoy a thing so much. You would have thought that this Higgins was his own son. And it was mostly Higgins that won the game for us, twelve to seven.

We got to know each other again over the highballs. Finally I found the courage to say, "You know, Hart, I didn't think you'd ever want to hear about football again."

He looked astonished. "Why not?" Then: "Oh—I see what you mean." He stared at the wall a moment. "The fact is, I rarely connect up my—my condition with what happened that day. It wasn't the fault of the game."

"No," I said bitterly. "It was just Mendelson."

"I'm not sure of that. You know, it would have been like Mendelson to say he failed purposely to block his man. He would rather have been thought a rotter than a bad athlete. Sitting like this, day after day, you get rather optimistic about human nature, John."

"Nevertheless you got no recognition at all—not that it matters now—while they put Mendelson's letter away."

Hart smiled. "That's all right, too. Get that book of clippings there in the drawer, will you?"

From the bureau I drew a scrapbook thick with clippings. "There's something you won't notice about those write-ups," he said. "Not even the sports writers have tumbled to it. But in almost every case the star of the game wears the number forty-eight."

"Why, that's Higgins's number, too!"

Hartley nodded. "It was mine, too." He smiled slowly. "The one I wore for two minutes that day."

I looked blank, and he went on: "When I got out of the hospital, Coach Borleske called me into his office in the gym. 'Hart,' he said, 'we're not going to use Mendelson's number again. He's the greatest player the school ever knew. But your number we'll use—every year.'

"I remember Borleske grinning," Hartley Fraser said. "Then he told me, 'I'm going to see that the finest players wear your number, Hart. I think that's the way it ought to be. I've been a coach a good while. I know how long they'll remember Mendelson's number, and how long they'll remember Mendelson's name. But as far as I'm concerned, Hart, it's fitting and proper that this number forty-eight of yours goes right on playing through the years—and doing the finest and cleanest job of them all.'"

THE END

They didnt have two-bits between them to grease the gas meter or buy a can of deep sea gold fish.
VAT! YOU VISH TO RAID MY FLOOR SHOW —
I PERCEIVE THAT YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN GIFTED WITH GIGANTIC WISDOM AND FORESIGHT -
HOW MUCH IS SIX AND FOUR?
TWELVE. CAN'T YOU COUNT, SAPPO?

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Even a Landlord Can Be Lovely—The Mystery of Manslaughter Mahoney—Mr. Socko Gets Socked—and How!

Words and Picture
by BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SOCKO O'BRIEN,
The Cuban Sport and Bonebender Club,
Havana, Cuba.

Dear Socko:

Seeing that you are living the life of Riley way down in Havana, suppose I put you hep to how *I'm* clicking them off.

Oh, boy, did I get a big surprize yesterday. Heres what happened: When Jack Dawson and I finished our speciality number at the Glendale night club last night, the head waitor came down the aisle and presented me with a georgeous bunch of roses big enough to floor a lispie queen. Honestly, I was goaled! Yes, and when I reached my dressing room and opened the little envelope attached to the flowers I almost passed out when I found they came from my landlord. Listen, heres what was written on the card:

To-day happens to be your birthday. Congratulations. Mr. Twist and I are seated out in front. We are endeavoring to get you a raise, so dont recognize us.

(signed) WILLIAM WELLINGTON WATSON.

Well, I didnt know what to do or expect as Mr. Watson was allways up to some monkey business. Anyhow, the next time I appeared on the dance floor I saw the two men seated at one of the choice tables. They were dooded up like a pair of railroad presidents. Honestly, I almost yelled. Mr. Watson had on the claw hammer coat belonging to his pal the undertaker and the tails covered the patch in his pants. As for Mr. Twist, he looked like a toss up between a 2nd Avenue politician and the frontman for a flea circus. I couldnt imagine where the two men got the dough from to make merry. This morning, I heard Mr. Twist tell Mrs. Watson that they didnt have two-bits between them to grease the gas meter or buy a can of deep sea gold fish.

Later, as I approached their table I overheard Mr. Watson say to my boss: "My dear Mr. Wolf, I have the honor of being the *talent scout* for San Franciscos leading night club. Acting in this noteworthy capacity, I wish to inquire as to whether the team of Dawson and Ryan are under contract to this establishment? If not, I am in a position to acquire their inimmitable services."

"Vat!" roared the indignant manager. "You vish to raid my floor show of the best dence team? Get out!"

"My dear Mr. Wolf," replied Mr. Watson, "I perceive that you are a gentleman gifted with gigantic wisdom and foresight, therefore I beg of you not to misconstrue or ridicule my solemn objective. I abhor anyone who attempts to pillage upon the accomplishments of others. But I am duty bound to uphold the wishes of my superiors by asking once more if these two valuable people are under contract?"

"He means," butted in Mr. Twist, "that we're here to grab off them hoofers and pay em two hundred slugs the week. Yeah, and the sooner you open your trap and leave us have the truth, the better. We'll be back in the ayem for the answer!"

With that, they both gulped their drink, barged out and left the cover charge laying on the table.

When Jack and I had finished our work that morning, the boss called us into his snooty office and very sweetly informed us that he liked us so much he was going to *double our salary.* Whats more, he *insisted* we sign a

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ninty day contract at once! Were we floating? Yes, and if you dont think we signed it youre crazy!

The following day when I dropped into the Watson's, Mr. Watson had a very rogish look on his face.

"Miss Ryan," he said, "never would I have resorted to such deplorable measures if I had not known that Mr. Wolf is a despised individual who withholds monitary considerations from his creditors."

"Now that you 'ave a raise" cut in Mrs. Watson—with an eye to business —"maybe you can afford to take the 'ansome large room with the kitchenette adjoining Mr. Dawson? I'm sure you'd like to be near 'im."

"Yes," I said, with-holding my enthusiasm.

Little does she know how much I'd love to get him breakfast and wait on him—that is, if he'd let me. Honest, he's a dear.

Well, Ive got to scram now and quilt myself down. Drop me a line when you get those Spanish frailles off your lapel.

I'll be seeing you,
GINGER.

Havana, Cuba.

Dear Ginger:

Hooray! I win me a fight and have 3,000 bucks in the old poke to prove it. How do you like those?

Here! Leave me give you a load of what happened:

I'm up in my doody hotel packing my keyster for the voyage home when who breezes in but Jack Downey, my manager. "Ever hear of Manslaughter Mahoney?" he asks.

"No," I retorts, indipendant like. "I dont go in for gigelo receptions or ping-pong parties."

"Can the comedy!" says Downey. "Manslaughter Mahoney is a second rate sock peddler who has a teriffic rep for cleaning up all these West Indian pugs. I just saw him work-out over at the gym and if you ask me, he couldnt fight his way out of a beauty parlor. Waddye say, do you want to take him on?"

"Whats in it for *me* if I slap him for cemetary bate or expose myself to possible bloodshed?" I asks.

"Three thousand fish! Winner take all," he replies.

"Okay," I says.

The next night I ankled over to the Cuban Sports and Bonebender Club. I no sooner barged down the isle than the mob started giving me the razz gawd-awful.

Without batting a optic, I climbed through the ropes and bowed to my well wishers like I'd just been elected President of Cuba. A instant later I'm face to face with none other than Manslaughter Mahoney—my cruel assailer. Yes, and to my big surprise, he's *black* as the inside of a fire hose. No foolin, I thought I would have to put a street lantern on his scull to find him.

Clang goes the gong and the gaiety is on.

Without warning, out sprang my jovial assasin like a gorrila. I met his onrush of affection by burying my right mitt in his cruller box and dusting off his smeller with my left. But, a second later, he lets go a volley of snappy rights and lefts to my plumbing department and winds up by slamming me on the top of the dome with a round-house he drew from the floor. The next thing I know, I'm reposing in Westminsters bellfry listening to the big ticker broadcast the chimes. The mob was histerical and so was I as the bell saved me. Feeling a bit groggy, I managed to find my corner with my shop-worn beezer waving in the breeze. "How am I doing?" I gasped to one of my handlers.

"Swell!" he yells, "your left glim is clammed for the night and your fender is hanging by a string. Take it easy, kid, youve only got *nine frames* to go."

Now aint that a sweet load of mackrel?

While this cute line of chatter is in progress, I open my trap and the other goofy handler shoves the water bottle in up to the hilt. I take three long drags and when he pulls it out, I find it has a taste whats strong enough to melt the hinges on a battleship. Well, Ginger, I dont know what was *in* the bottle or what it done to me, but it sure perked me up like a supercharger.

When the second bell sounded, I leaped for my sun-kissed boy-friend and hit him with everything but the ring posts, stools and referree. On the level, I whammed him against the ropes with a wicked right cross and landed a murdrous jab over his pump that folded him like a napkin. After that, he was duck soup.

My next immitation was to measure him for the count and when I had his chin set, I unhooked my famous left and out hopped his store tusks. Not only that, but he made a five-point landing in *Downeys* lap.

Well, love-lips, when the panic subsided, the referree raised my manly duke and proclamed me the winner.

Later, when I'm down in my dressing room, who limps in but Downey sporting a lovely black lamp and a crutch.

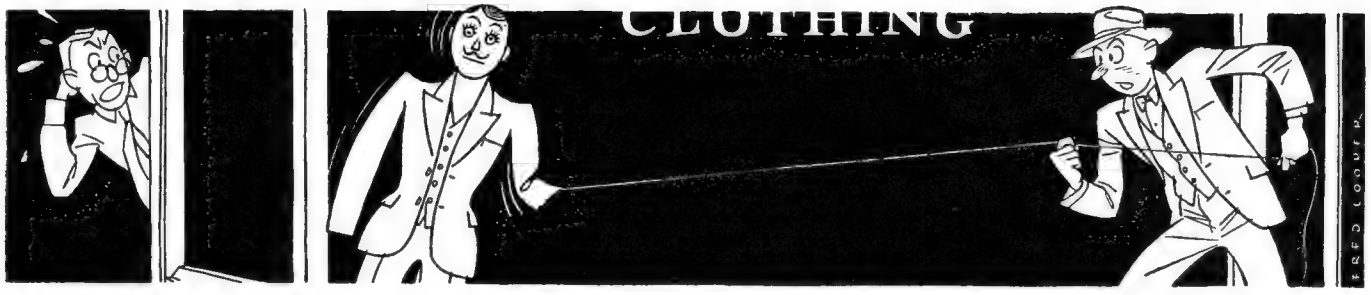
"Hey! Whats the big idea of dumping that load of coal in my lap, you big sap?" he roars, fit to be chained.

"Ats what you get for crossing me," I tossed back.

"Listen, crackpot," he hollers, "if it hadnt been for *me* switching your *water bottle* for that pint of Sloppy Joes *rum*, youd be cluttering up an undertakers boodoir." And thats the credit I get for being a champ.

Listen, kid, I was going to buy you a rist watch when I got back, but seeing that youre going daffy over that Apatche hoofer I'm going to buy a Spanish shawl for the little trowser creaser thats been following me around. Your ever loving pal,
SOCKO.

Socko and Ginger are due for further startling adventures—and will tell about them in an early issue.



Are You A "Tough" Customer?

Do You Make Your Own Ink, Tear Things to Pieces, Test Before You Buy? If So, These Heartfelt Words Are for You

by

RAY GILES

CARTOON BY FRED COOPER

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

BEFORE your dentist pushes that little wad of silver into a yawning cavity, do you examine the label on his jar of amalgam to be certain it is of the best make? Can you manufacture your own fountain-pen ink and whitewash? Do you candle all the eggs you buy to make sure the grocer hasn't cheated you? Before buying a suit, either of wool or linen, do you remove threads from the garment to test them at home? And if your tests are satisfactory, do you turn the garments inside out and yank the seams to see if they are strongly stitched? Before you bought that mattress last week did you rip open a seam and examine the contents right down through the middle to make sure they were as represented?

Every one of these tests is recommended in print by one or another of today's self-made authorities on getting the most for your money. So, if your answer to the questions is, "Yes, sir," you've quit being a guinea pig in the cruel grasp of unscrupulous storekeepers. You're one of the fighting consumers who may or may not be making this a better world to buy in.

Your campaign manuals are a dozen books which prove conclusively that every one is out to swindle you. Your daily battle plans are suggested by bulletins, pamphlets, and reports which show (as indicated above) how to thwart thieving manufacturers, lying merchants, faking salespeople, and even the government itself, which by these authorities is said to be so coldly indifferent to your welfare that it encourages the marketing of poisoned apples, rotten hamburger, spoiled fish, dangerous milk, and contaminated water.

As this is almost the tenth anniversary of the granddaddy of those Consumer, Get Tough books, it seems a good time to apply a few tests to their wisdom.

Recently a man of fifty-five decided to make over his whole life-insurance program after reading a book which calls the whole life-insurance business a colossal racket. This book urges readers to exchange their ordinary life insurance for term insurance because it's cheaper. (Term insurance is the only form which has no value except as a death benefit. You can never borrow on it, nor can you get any refund if you have to give it up.) Well, this man saw red when he compared the rates. When he was thirty-five he had taken three ordinary life policies in three different companies for $10,000 apiece. Calling in the "unscrupulous" agent who had "high-pressured" him into taking the policies, he asked why the devil he hadn't been sold term insurance instead.

The agent replied, "This book shows that at thirty-five you pay $8.82 per thousand for term insurance, and the cost rises every year, until today you'd be paying $21.18. Now let's figure what the actual net cost per thousand has been on your ordinary life insurance." When the current surrender or loan value was calculated, the infuriated and cheated "guinea pig" calmed down a bit. He learned that he could get back an amount equal to 83 per cent of all the premiums he had paid for his "high-cost" ordinary life insurance! More: the net cost per thousand over twenty years had been only $6.65. The authors of the insurance book had calmly overlooked authenticated net-cost records, to say nothing of the other factors that they had side-stepped.

To be valuable, advice on buying should overlook nothing. But here are tables rating the relative *efficiency* of mechanical refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, automobiles, oil heaters, and other mechanical household helps. Surely, in buying such appliances, we want to know how long they will last. But the printed advice admits that tests cover only a few days, so no rating can include the probable durability of the different makes.

Then, when we need repairs and adjustments on such things, we want them immediately and want them made right. For that reason we may think twice about buying what seems to be the best car for the money if we have to drive twenty miles for real service. The books and bulletins cannot help us there.

A year or two ago many women bought a mechanical refrigerator of a certain make because it was rated best by a widely circulated buyers' guide. The tests were accurate enough when made. But by the time the findings were mailed out, the fifth-place refrigerator manufacturer had made improvements which lifted his to the top in efficiency. And the price of the seventh ranking refrigerator had been lowered so much that it deserved second place. It's too bad, but even the most accurate laboratory reports may be out of date by the time they are printed, and when they are served up in a cocksure manner they may become doubly ridiculous.

Only recently the president of one of the largest tire companies said to me, "I honestly believe that we make the best tires today, and our laboratory and road tests seem to bear me out. But I won't let that statement be made in print. I know three other large and competent manufacturers who feel the same way about their tires, and right now one of them may be improving a formula or manufacturing process which will make his tires better than ours within a month."

So the joke may be on you when you buy a product of a certain make on the strength of a last month's test.

The first of all consumer books urged the family to emulate hard-boiled industrial purchasing agents and government buyers who prefer to buy on specifications and laboratory tests. Well, even these experts often find their testing equipment faulty and inadequate. One

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Young Men and Women—

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gimlet-eyed purchasing agent remarked, "That book said a lot about lubricating oil, but in spite of the elaborate physical and chemical tests we have developed, you can be fooled at times. Some years ago a professor in one of the largest Eastern universities invented a machine to test the efficiency of oils. It looked like a great thing. But one day a student in the professor's laboratory put a dose of spring water into the gadget, curious to see what would happen. Darned if the machine didn't register spring water as the best lubricating oil of them all!"

Prominent in the arsenal of weapons for the tough consumer are formulae for making things you ordinarily buy in stores. A visit to one of these consumer advisers found him in a residence that combined the attractions of a workshop, smithy, laboratory, storage warehouse, and a pawnshop. Beside his desk stood a demijohn of homemade ink. On a table stood an old coffee grinder with which he had been making wheat cereal from horse feed. He brushes his teeth with homemade tooth powder.

Home industries like these are encouraged as a means of saving you "the wicked spread" between the cost of ingredients and the price of the finished articles in stores. So directions are given for making cosmetics, mimeograph moistening compound, bleaches, washing compounds, paint remover, ointment for athlete's foot, talcum powder, depilatory, and a thousand and one other commodities. But you discover that you will have to spend many hours in the wholesale chemical houses, and to induce the wholesalers to sell you a pound of this or that ingredient which ordinarily they sell only by the barrel.

A DEMIJOHN of ink is far more impressive than those little bottles you buy, and it certainly lasts longer. But the formula calls for seven ingredients, most of them pretty fancy, so it isn't just some coloring matter in water. And you must watch your grams by the fractions. Your dye must be "reliable" though you get no hint on determining whether it is. And you must get some apothecary's scales. Altogether, the cost of your homemade ink per ounce will be small —unless you count in the cost of the scales and the demijohn, and the time you lost from bridge. It's much the same with homemade washing compounds or cosmetics. You save money if you forget all costs but the costs of the ingredients.

If I seem sarcastic, maybe it's because as a small boy I once made photographic printing paper. It worked fine. But after I was through floating paper squares on top of vile liquids in trays amid absolute darkness, and had dried the smelly, dripping, floor-spotting sheets, I gained a childish respect for the manufacturers who gave me a better paper and charged less. (Warning: No request for the formula for photographic paper will be answered!)

Everything considered, it looks as though it paid to think twice before accepting all the suggestions so voluminously offered by this growing army of merchandise counselors. Take men's clothing. One gem is the suggestion that we go to a woolen manufacturer who specializes in cloth for army and police uniforms. That will assure durability. But do we know how to find such a manufacturer? Will he be glad to see us and sell us just enough cloth for a suit or overcoat? And how will we look on the street?

The stores of the future will be bedlam if American women follow all the advice given by one of the latest of these books. Consumer's hypochondria will be universal. In buying any kind of clothing women will remove threads from the warp and woof, burn them, and, watching the ash formation and sniffing the odors, these belligerent consumers will know whether cotton's really cotton, and whether silk, wool, rayon, or linen is exactly as represented. Let's hope they don't start testing anything that has any rubber in it!

WOMEN will also demand samples of all dress goods, washing them twice before going back to buy, to make sure that the color is fast and the material won't shrink. Stockings will be tugged with might and main to make sure the seams hold together. Piece goods will be considerably mussed a few hours after they go in stock, for shoppers will crumple and rub them together to remove the sizing. Threads will be removed from seams and given a tensile-strength test before the eyes of the distraught saleslady.

In addition to plenty of matches in ladies' shopping bags, there will be chemical kits and strong magnifying glasses to detect defects and verify selling and advertising claims. The embattled consumers will shout loudly for buyers and proprietors because not one retail salesperson in a thousand can answer all the technical questions that are asked before purchasing. Perhaps we will take along our legal and technical experts on all our shopping trips. It will be an exciting world.

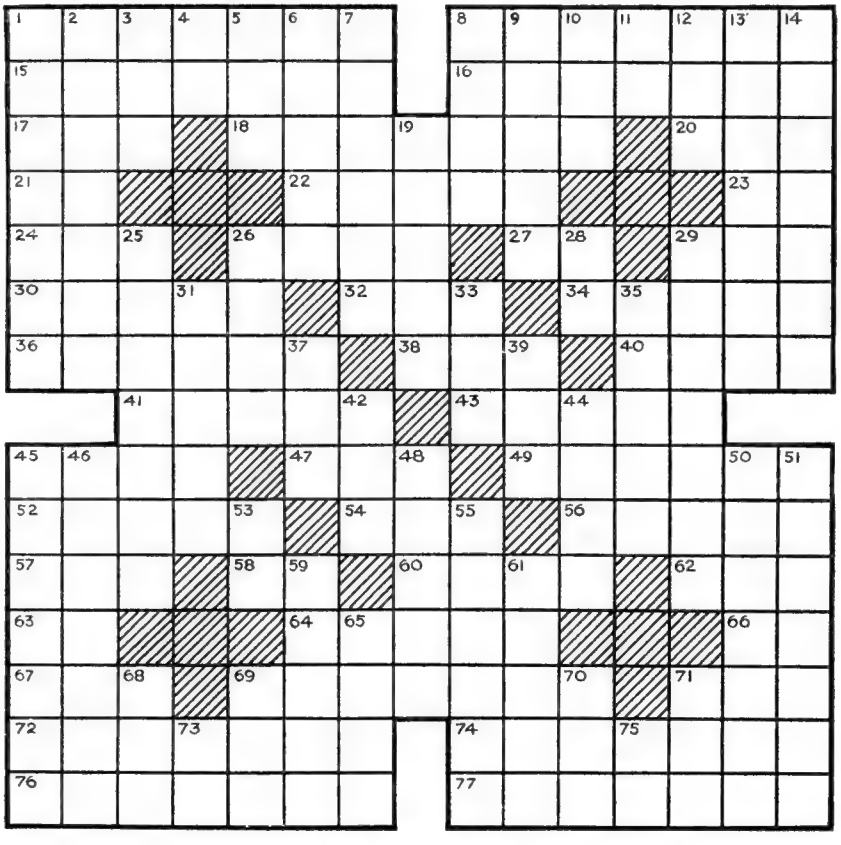
Meanwhile business is not so backward about correcting any evils within its boundaries as you might expect from reading the frenzied consumer books. In a world where 100-per-cent perfection has never been found in any group, where lawyers and doctors form associations and cast off members who do not measure up to high standards, a long list of similar corrective agencies exist in business. Every now and then you see proof of it in the newspapers.

Which suggests an idea. Why not have a Consumer Crusader Association to check and double-check all statements and recommendations the consumer crusaders make to the public?

THE END

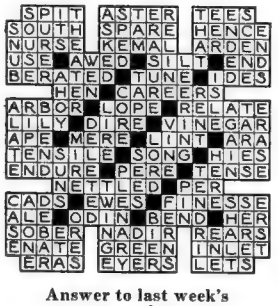
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 A diary product
8 It's a question whether they'll be dictated or red
15 They make the best yellow journalists
16 Empress associated with a world-famous Kelly
17 This goes well on rye and with roles
18 After catching the Leviathan, they always blubbered
20 A hole drunks have trouble getting into
21 Nor's pal
22 Highball grabber who Tinkered with Chance and got famous
23 Society of Dunkers (abbr.)
24 Ford's favorite drink
26 Many a great American's been draped over this and warmed by the feel of a human hand
27 Never call Mrs. Etiquette Post this
29 What cockroaches do around Grik restaurances
30 Kind of talk you get from political nuts
32 Einstein says it's the top
34 This is plain rot
36 Where they roasted the gals before there were tea parties
38 The measure of a distant ruler
40 To #zv! b%-m/#!!!
41 Office hideaways
43 Early captain of the dictatorship, blueprint of Mussolini
45 A Cor-Nell—she's beautiful but not dumb!
47 Where good clean Americans come from
49 The old bag Grammaw ran around with
52 They've taken this kind of irritant out of cigs and put them on the air
54 Whose is the voice of the female dictator in the land?
56 And now they've got this in chains
57 This set is all mixed up
58 He tanned Cleopatra's hide



Answer to last week's puzzle

60 Opposed to that one there
62 Landon may soon be also this
63 Give it the double O and you'll get a full-sized room
64 The cry of the happy cow valet
66 Guttersnipe domain (abbr.)
67 University of Edified Sapheads (abbr.)
69 Many a toot it's gone on for Stokowski
71 Eli got twisted into some Hawaiian necking here
72 The windiest thing about Bob Burns
74 Broken-backed supporters of the social pyramid
76 Knock knockers
77 Wise guy

VERTICAL

1 Nut-stuffing factories
2 Two-horsepower wagon, 55 B. C. model
3 What quarreling couples had better not take too carefully
4 Numb Ninnies (abbr.)
5 Is this gin flavored when it falls on rum blossoms?
6 What Hearst turns when he sees red
7 Fall flops
8 Wise guy
9 A cavity poor men want filled with gold (once it was a Shakespearean trash holder)
10 Henglish witches
11 Neuralgia starts this way
12 Fountain-pen champagne
13 Shut-eye à la Español (plural)
14 Here's happy days!
19 An onion by another name but the same smell (plural)
25 They sound lazy but make swell bakers
26 Most balanced thing about England's Queen Mary
28 Cutup who keeps you in stitches (abbr.)
29 Equator's namesake
31 These should be put under the fast set before they go into them
33 She said this and they lived scrappily ever after
35 Big show
37 Funny, suns do this yet never lay eggs
39 What the wives of Fascists do for the black shirts
42 Two and two's one
44 A belittlin' word
45 Hitler hopes to turn these heavenly German things into good Nazis some day
46 That popular Scotch grain
48 Big cleanups are made in them every Saturday night
50 What you must use to alter the Constitution (pl.)
51 He's a pain in the neck
53 Disemboweled hunk of time
55 What the young Fascist does up in his teens
59 What Sleepytime Gal hardly ever is
61 The number of $ a year that'd make Mr. Average Man happy
65 Whose name means healer?
68 This statesman's name's a sneeze
69 Ima Marsh
70 A little thing that can cause sudden breath
71 Good noose from Honolulu
73 The force of oddity
75 You get a lot of back talk from him around Yale (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

here's your

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Any Woman Can Stay

Cowed by Crow's Feet? Stop, Think, and Cheer Up—Life and Romance Begin Whenever You Make 'Em—Just Follow This Expert's Simple Rules

by Madame SYLVIA

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

OH, if I had my youth!" That's the cry of the woman over forty. Listen, darlings. Don't let the figures 4-0 throw you into a panic. Forget all the hullabaloo and fear that's handed out about the forties. Yelling and screaming about the "fatal forties"! What's fatal about them? They're grand, if you ask me. Forty is just the beginning of another ten years. It's those forty years before the forties that can be fatal!

Walter B. Pitkin wrote a book called Life Begins at Forty. He's right. But I'll go him one step better. I say: Life begins at fifty or whenever *you make it* begin!

Instead of harping upon the miseries of your particular age, look for the pleasures. Every age has them as well as its heartaches. As a remedy for the telltales of age, cheer is a far better buy than gloom, I can tell you. And it pays far greater dividends.

Being young is a matter of vivacity, enthusiasm, eagerness, and adventure. It is not measured by the calendar. You're not old because of years, but because you sit back on your tokus and admit it. But, gosh, that can happen anywhere along the line. Old age can begin in youth. And youth can be damned miserable.

Often, however, youth and so-called sophistication thumb their noses at the old proverb, "Don't burn the candle at both ends."

Suppose you're one of those who did the nose thumbing when you were younger. Now you've got bags under the eyes, saggy jowl muscles, creepy necks, stringy upper arms, and fat unhealthy bodies.

You squawk that middle age has ravaged you. You've ravaged yourselves! Those things are not the ravages of middle age. They are the ruins that laziness, lack of will power, improper living, and to-hell-with-it attitudes of your younger years have heaped upon you!

But come on—we can still beat the game. Cut out the regrets. Stop bellyaching and pull yourself together, will you? Face your face! The sight of it may make you sick. But never mind, darlings. Cities have been rebuilt after earthquakes, nations have survived the havoc of wars. Surely a human being can blossom again with the spirit and vitality of youth!

No matter what your age, remember this: Exercise is the greatest rejuvenator in the world. Keep active, whether you're nine or ninety. Naturally, those of you who are getting along, particularly if you have neglected to keep your circulations running on greased wheels, must take it easy at first. Little by little, increase your activity, and you can make yourselves more supple and spry than many of you have ever been, even in your youth.

"Lots of people live long who never took an exercise in their life," you say. Well, look at them! What kind of a life is it, in most cases? What pleasures are they getting out of those later years? Stiff joints, dyspepsia, aches and pains, unhappiness over their appearance. That's why you hear young people say, "I hope I die young." They don't mean that without qualification, however. Because deep down in their hearts every one hopes to live as long as possible, to experience all the wonders of life and explore what's just around the corner. What they mean is that they see so many older people who are inactive, unhealthy, complete physical wrecks, that they feel, if that sort of thing must go with old age, they don't want it. Yet, in spite of the living examples always parading before them, they go on neglecting their own bodies. Listen to me! If you want to have fun in the fifties, exercise, keep active, stir up your circulation, eliminate properly—and keep lean.

And, in case you've never heard it before, let me say it's never too late to learn to eat sensibly! That doesn't apply only to you reducers. That goes for all of you. Burping away the gas generated by a dinner of fried pork, chocolate éclairs, a couple of pickles, and a snootful of beer will brand you with the earmarks of age before you can say "Excuse me."

Many women have the idea that when change of life hits them they're through with the joys of youth. Phooey! Not if you hang on to yourselves. What pleasures has youth that you cannot have? You can still go dancing, can't you? Travel? Have fun at the beaches, the mountains? Hold hands in the movies? Yes, and have romance, too. I know—that's where the panic begins. But wait a little; I'll come back to that.

Accept the chemical reaction that is taking place in your body as a natural part of life—it is. Be sensible about it, and step quickly out into the next twenty years. It may take a little time, but that's no cause for giving up. Keep your glands active. Don't let them die out on you. Keep them nourished by proper food and supplied with strong healthy blood that comes from good circulation. Glands are still the mystery of life. Don't you get yourself in a dither trying to explain them. That's your doctor's job. Consult him.

Beyond the obvious necessity of keeping yourself internally fit and keeping a sound mental attitude on the subject of age, there are other considerations. What goes on outside, for instance.

WHAT you do to your hair is vitally important. If your hair is turning salt and pepper, dye it, by all means, if it will make you look and feel younger. But for heaven's sake pick a shade that's human. Obvious hair dyes are very bad. Men hate them. Better gray or white hair that is silky, fine textured, and shining with the health of natural oils, than a bilious brass color that evolved from an overdose of bewildered henna.

Special care must be given to your neck. Daily scrubbing with a soft face brush is necessary. Make a heavy lather of mild soap, and brush upward with a rotating movement from the top of the breasts to the jaw line. This not only removes the dead dull surface skin but stimulates the circulation. Never mind the redness. It will soon disappear, and with it that brownish tint that can spoil an otherwise good-looking neck. Furthermore, it strengthens the tissues and helps prevent that creepiness that is such a tattletale.

After the scrubbing, rinse with lukewarm water and finish off with cold. Pat the neck with a soft towel until thoroughly dry. Then apply a good cream to keep the skin smooth and soft.

Sing and laugh for a beautiful neck. Both will strengthen the muscles and keep the neck firm and round. You'll be able to hold your head properly--which you must do if you want to prevent that "old woman's bump" on the back of the neck and those rings in front that go

Young...*Here's How*

with it. Stand by an open window every morning and sing. Sing out for all you're worth. Then laugh.

Try this little stunt, too. Inhale deeply. Hold your breath. Then force all the air you can from your lungs up into your throat, making it expand and puff out. Make every muscle in your neck tense. Don't by any means tighten the chin. And be sure no air escapes through the mouth or nose. Keep pushing that air against your throat and hold it as long as possible. Exhale and repeat.

You've got to expect a certain amount of sagging eventually. Also a certain amount of wrinkles. But you can hold them down to a minimum and keep them from appearing before their time by conscientious daily care. I'm all for the external aids to beauty, but I want you to use your common sense about them. Cream can remove the dirt from your skin, keep it soft and smooth. But you don't need ninety-seven varieties to accomplish this. A good mental bath daily is the best permanent wrinkle banisher you can find. Avoid sleeping drugs and strong laxatives; they are weakening to the facial muscles. And, bleached blondes in particular, go easy on the highballs. They kick the props from under your faces quicker than it happens on your brunette sisters.

Another spot that women always seem to neglect is that ugly chunk of fat that settles just above the elbow. The bad thing about it is that it casts a shadow and makes an elbow look dirty. If the skin on the elbow is rough, that makes it worse. You never see it, but others do. Back up to a mirror and take a look. Uh-huh, I thought so! First, take your stiff hand brush and scrub them. (It's a good idea occasionally to soak the elbows in good sudsy water.) Remove any dead skin. Now with the heel and fingertips of one hand squeeze that bulb of fat on the other elbow. Work on it good and hard for a few minutes. Then place a Turkish towel over the spot and slap it. Put a little pep into those slaps, too. Now smooth on a good skin softener; work it in well; remove the excess.

THE hands lose their youthful firmness long before the face. Large veins make them look old. See that they are given daily care as well as your face. Whenever you think of it, raise the hands above the head and, beginning at the fingertips, massage along the fingers down toward the wrist, much in the manner you put on a glove. Don't stuff your hands in gloves that are two sizes too small for you, thinking you are making them look smaller. You're not. They look bunchy. Furthermore, anything tight around the fingers or the wrist will retard the circulation and make the veins more prominent. Wear light cotton gloves if you're doing dirty work around the house. If you have to have your hands in water for any length of time, wear rubber gloves. Anything to spare the hands and keep them looking as young as possible. Keep them soft by the daily application of cream—and above all see that the nails are well groomed.

I said a couple of minutes ago that you can still have romance. But, babies, you'll have to toss moroseness out of your lives first. Stop selling yourselves on the idea that youth is over. Give worry and fear a good kick, too. Those three little numbers can cause more telltale signs of age than you can shake a stick at, and are your greatest handicaps in getting rid of those you may already have. Stop fearing that your man is comparing you with the young daisy he has just been dancing with—imagining that you're getting the dirty end of the deal. Maybe he is—maybe not. In either case, it's a cinch that worry won't do you any good. In the first place, it puts a terrific strain upon your behavior; and your anxiety only emphasizes what you had hoped he wouldn't see.

You make your biggest mistake by being too eager in trying to overcome the signs of age. Often, in your effort to hang on to romance, you become desperate. Overdo. Plug too hard. You say, "I'll be young if it kills me." You lose your perspective. And what happens? All your well meant efforts become a boomerang. It's like a Hollywood publicity campaign that paints a movie belle in such glowing terms that she's licked before she starts. She can't possibly live up to the free and easy imaginations of her press agent and the campaign defeats itself. So it is with your campaign to recapture youth when you overpaint yourself. If trying to be young makes a freak out of you, you defeat your purpose. The spirit of real youth doesn't need that. Just have confidence in your own ability to be the best-looking female you possibly can, and you can have romance in your life at any age.

But listen, girls. By all means, cultivate a sense of humor. It's as important for romance as sex appeal. A man loves to laugh once in a while, too, you know.

THE END

"Raise the hands above the head and, beginning at the fingertips, massage along the fingers down toward the wrist."

To the Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

COQUETTISH female elephants with perfumed trunks are used in India to lure the strong young males out of the jungle into the lifelong slavery of the labor stockades. . . . Mother monkeys in Rajputana teach their monkey children polite table manners and spank them soundly when they misbehave. . . . In the Punjab hills there are gangster baboons. They raid native villages, loot every house, hide their swag in the treetops.

From the roadsides they jeer at humans who ride through their region in automobiles.

India's animal kingdom was thus described to me by Nila Cram Cook, the American girl who became a follower of Gandhi. I talked with her recently under the whispering pines that shade the Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York. Nila is an extraordinary young woman. Daughter of the late George Cram Cook, poet and dramatist, she was educated in Greece, wears sandals, lives on vegetables, talks sense.

"In October," she said, "comes the Hindu festival of Dasahara, when every true Indian pays homage to the implements of his trade. The street sweeper bows down before his broom, the maharajah before his throne, both signifying their belief that labor is everlasting, man's power only temporary."

Pictures, Inc.

NILA CRAM COOK

Still devoted to Gandhi's drive for universal peace, Nila meanwhile observes all things with intelligence and humor. She found out that the sacred white horse of Mysore is really *eight* horses. That's because *one* sacred horse might sometimes feel like bucking off its fabulous pearl blanket, while, with eight to choose from, a quiet one is always available for the religious parade.

● At a women's luncheon we talked about the dangers of keeping a diary. The Mary Astor case was still sensational at the time. A demure young lady from the South advanced this practical suggestion:

"Keep *two* diaries," she said. "Keep a sweet girlish one that won't make trouble for you no matter who goes snooping in it, and leave it where it will be found right quick if anybody starts huntin'.

"Then keep another diary just for your very own self. Write whatever you please in that one, but don't leave it around. Hide it, *and hide it good!*"

● A reader asks what she should do, when introducing two persons, if she has forgotten the name of one. Her letter touches me deeply. I've been in that fix so many times. So have we all. Mumbling, I think, is certainly *not* the way out. Don't try to bluff by muttering, "Miss Jones, meet Mr. Wummerummerum." Say, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid I didn't quite get your name." The situation is harder, as I know from experience, when you forget *both* their names.

● *From my shopping notebook:*

Nearsighted sisters (I'm one) will appreciate the new make-up box that lights up automatically when you open it. Created by the Chase Brass and Copper Company, made of fluted white composition with chromium or copper trim, it is a dainty size for your dressing table, has a mirror in the lid, spaces for powder and puff, cosmetics, etc., costs two dollars. . . . Clever new cocktail napkins designed by Marguerita Mergentime are decorated all over with such drinking salutations as "Here's how!" and "Cheerio!" but printed in *eleven languages*, including Chinese and Greek. . . . Hostesses with $12.50 to spare should rejoice in the new electric hot-roll server, a chromium cylinder; plugs in on wall outlet, keeps rolls warm *and crisp*.

● We girls should be proud of our new three-cent stamp, the purple one with Susan B. Anthony's portrait on it. Only one other American lady has been honored in this way by the Post Office Department. The other was Martha Washington, whose distinguished features were portrayed, many years ago, on a one-cent stamp.

Susan Brownell Anthony was our pioneer suffragette. Seventy-five years ago she campaigned for temperance, for votes for women, and against Negro slavery. Her folks were Massachusetts Quakers. Born in 1820, Susan Anthony died in 1906—fourteen years before we got the vote.

● Two excellent pamphlets recently published by the Columbia University Teachers College are: (1) Parents and the Automobile; (2) Parents and the Latch-key. They cost sixty-five cents apiece.

● As a change from the usual chicken stew or fricassee, try this ragout of chicken, Spanish style. It is easy to make, excellent to serve at a small dinner party.

Cut up and fry 1 slice fat pork, preferably in a fireproof earthenware casserole. Joint a young chicken and brown the pieces in same pan with pork. Add 2 sliced onions, 2 cloves garlic, ¾ can tomatoes, 1 hot red pepper with seeds removed, or 1 pod dried chili, and ½ teaspoon saffron. Cover and cook slowly for 45 minutes. If necessary add a little water to prevent burning. Now take the red pepper out and put in 1 small can green peas, 2 potatoes cut in quarters.

Thicken the gravy with a little flour and the beaten yolk of 1 egg. Serve piping hot.

AFTER TELEVISION —*WHAT?*

by

DAVID SARNOFF *as told to* George Sylvester Viereck

President of the Radio Corporation of America

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

SIDE by side with the development of radio and television, human ingenuity is evolving another method of aerial correspondence. I refer to the immediate transfer by radio of facsimile documents through the ether. Man writes a letter and—presto!—its exact image appears somewhere 3,000 miles away. The technical problem of transmitting photographs, letters, telegrams, and printed pages of newspapers in facsimile through the ether is solved already within certain limits. The facsimile transmission of documents presents fewer problems than television, because it need not be instantaneous and is not synchronized with sound.

Ether delivery will one day be developed so that I will be able to write a letter at my desk and have that letter transmitted in facsimile almost instantly to Australia. My correspondent in Australia should be able to reply within a few minutes. Then it would not take more time to transmit his reply than to dictate the letter.

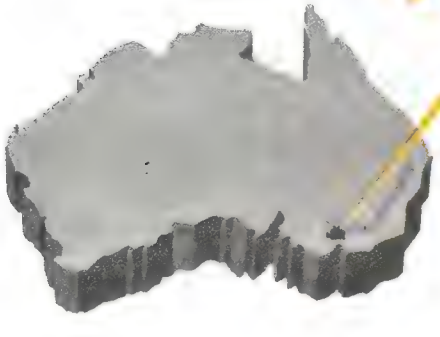
Men may read their home paper, reproduced electrically, on board of an ocean liner or an airship. We have not reached this point as yet, but it is a development that will come within our lifetime.

The wealth of the earth may be exhaustible, but we have not even tapped the treasures of the air. In the future man's blessings and man's wealth may come to him from above. Even today we exploit the air not merely for transportation and communication; we actually extract from it nitrogen to fertilize our crops. There are other elements in the aerial ocean only waiting to be released. The cosmic ray may unlock new unsuspected sources of energy.

The air is full of "static" electricity. Today static is only a nuisance. Some day a battery may be invented to convert static electricity and to make it dynamic. It may snatch out of the air energy that can be harnessed to many uses. Pushing onward, we may draw directly energy from the sun and light from the moon.

Who can foretell the next move, or tell if the new inventions will bring happiness, good will, and peace to man?

The radio, television, and other modern scientific devices cannot change the fundamentals of human nature.



Ether delivery willbedeveloped so that I will be able to write a letter at my desk and have that letter transmitted almost instantly to Australia.

I do not share the terror of the mechanical age, preached by some philosophers and endorsed by the befuddled economists. They tell us that we are becoming the slaves of the machine, they frighten us with the cry of "technocracy," and insist that every new mechanical device throws thousands out of work who will never find employment again. To me, this seems arrant nonsense. Civilization means elimination of unnecessary labor. The sewing machine and the vacuum cleaner save millions of women from backbreaking toil. The tractor makes the farmer's life bearable. The automobile lends wings to us all. The airplane is our magic carpet.

It would be madness to slow up invention because of a mistaken philosophy. Our trouble is not that mechanical science moves too speedily, but that the governmental and social sciences move too slowly. They fail to keep step with progress.

If man is to live up to his destiny, he must recognize the necessity of constant movement in a dynamic world. Man's primary difficulty, I repeat, is his slowness to adjust himself socially and economically to the speed of mechanical progress. We must make our social and political forces move faster.

We do not need the totalitarian state, the complete submergence of individualism, demanded by the "isms" of the day. There is, there must be, a democratic formula for ending the barren conflict between politics and economics. In such a conflict politics temporarily wins, because the politician can transform his will into law. But in the end economics wins, because its immutable laws supersede the man-made laws of dictators. The conflict between the two, while it lasts, creates prejudice and disorder and leads—unless checked—to the survival of the unfittest.

What the world needs most is a new philosophy, providing the laborer, the financier, and the statesman with a common ideal and a common objective. We must learn to live and to let live. We must accept reasonable restrictions of personal freedom while preserving its essence, and we must admit that all people are entitled to better things and a higher standard of living. Man will find his way to a more abundant future, the future I prophesy, not by defying but by applying the forces of science. In a world reorganized to vibrate within certain wave bands, human intelligence will be able to distribute equitably nature's bounties from above and below, and make princes of paupers. Science will create for us a new heaven on a new earth!

THE END

Wealth and Energy from the Air, Writing Transmitted Instantaneously—A Confident Look Into a Magic Future

A Lurking Killer Is Unmasked, a Deserving Love Repaid, and the Final Curtain Falls on a Tense and Thrilling Mystery

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

NELLIE'S voice faltered slightly. He'd heard the shot. Rodgers and the guides instinctively lifted their lowered heads. The funeral service went on. Bailey didn't hear the rest of it. A shot. Who was out there in the wilderness? Who? He looked over the gathered company incredulously. Nobody was missing.

He strained his ears for another distant report. But there was none. Some one had probably brought down a deer or a duck—game—for food.

It didn't mean anything. In fact, Bailey vehemently told himself, any one traveling into this corner of the wilderness would be told all about Lonely Lodge—would, in fact, make a point of visiting him. People who had already journeyed the four hundred miles between the Lodge and the next nearest house wouldn't overlook it. He said that in (an estimation made rapidly) three hours, strangers or acquaintances, Indians or a hunter, would paddle up to his dock, with, no doubt, a deer as an offering of friendship. Nobody, he insisted, ever goes through here without stopping, or within a hundred miles of here without looking in, if only to say hello.

That evening, at sundown, Nellie found him on the dock. Bailey was considering taking a canoe down the line to investigate for himself.

"You heard it?" Nellie said.

"Yeah. Somebody coming through."

Nellie nodded. "Sure. They'll be in tomorrow. Look, Rob. No kidding. How about posting your old pal for at least one night? I'll bet you haven't slept a wink since—"

The captain grinned and shook his head.

Nothing more happened that day.

The next day there was a fresh incident. Bailey hadn't slept—but not because he was afraid. He had waited in the woods—unwillingly—all night for Beth to appear. Waited and listened, hoping that she would be there and wondering why he hoped.

At breakfast his moroseness was noticed by everybody.

People went hunting. Ralph went fishing again. And Evelyn, apparently in apology for her defection, persuaded him to go swimming with her. It was another cloudless day—hot at noon—and, though the water was cold, his swim refreshed him greatly.

Just before time to dress for lunch they sighted Ralph's canoe coming rapidly from the far end of the lake.

"I'll bet he's caught another fish," said Mrs. Walters, who had joined them a few minutes before.

The captain hailed Ralph: "What's up?"

Ralph yelled, his voice alarmed, "Somebody's been camping up on the lake!"

He ran the canoe up to the slide and Bailey helped him out.

"You know that big rocky promontory down by the inlet? Well, I was trolling there and I noticed a fire—smoke, rather. I landed. Somebody had built a fireplace out of two flat stones. And there were some crumbs of their lunch around."

"I think I'll take a look," Bailey said.

He saw fear in Martha Walters's face.

Evelyn said, "What nonsense! You'd think you were a mounted policeman!"

He replied somberly, "I don't like people I don't know who avoid me. Not up here I don't."

His fiancée turned over on a pneumatic mattress. "Just when you were beginning to act like a human being again you have to tear away and play cowboy. I *warn* you, if you're not back by three o'clock, I'm going out and flirt with Carey again."

"He's harmless."

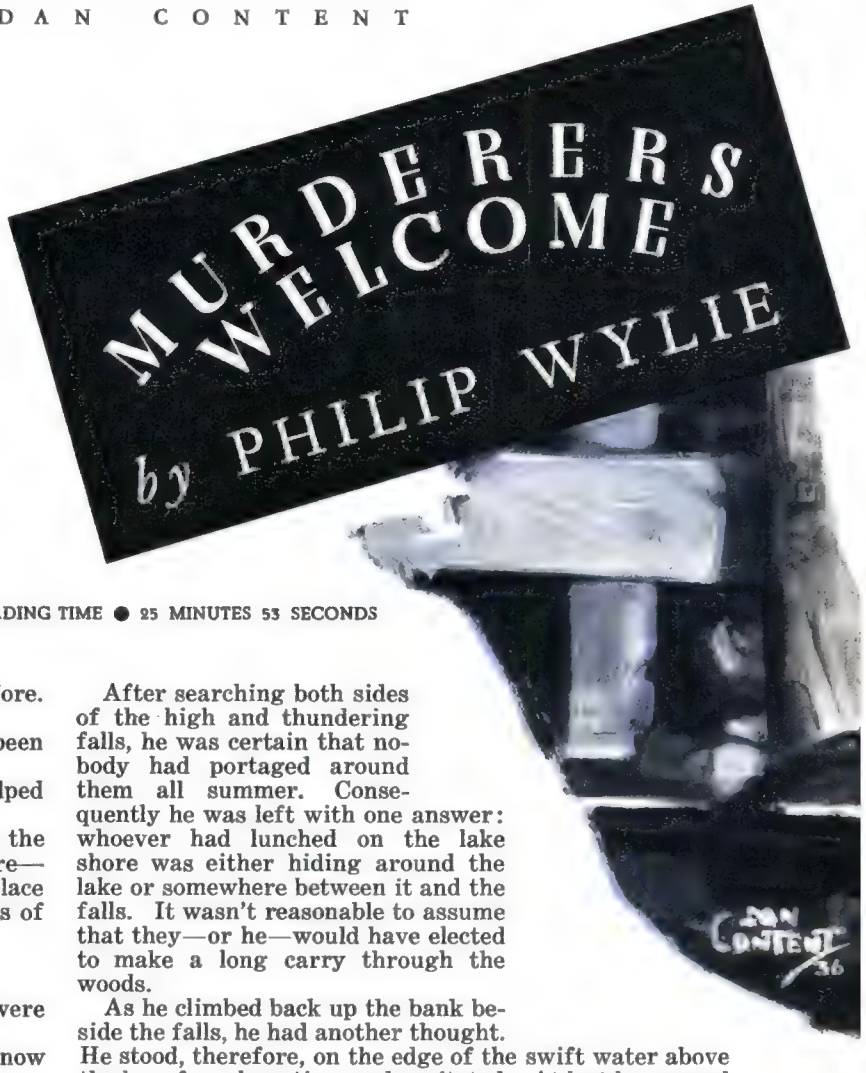
"Is he! And what about me?"

The captain said no more. He stepped into Ralph's canoe and paddled strongly toward the north end of the lake.

On the rock ledge Bailey found exactly what Ralph had said he would: a small competent fireplace, the embers of a fire, a crust of rice and raisins drying in the sun, and a mark, under water, where a canoe had been pulled up. No tracks. No other residue. He hallooed for a few minutes.

There was no response. So he got into his canoe and pushed up the inlet. In the next three hours he crossed Rainy Pond, Duck Lake, two miles of Ossawasset River, and gave up only where that waterway narrowed down, speeded up, and leaped over the Upper Ossawasset Falls. He had surveyed every inch of shore line along the way.

ILLUSTRATION BY
DAN CONTENT



READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 53 SECONDS

After searching both sides of the high and thundering falls, he was certain that nobody had portaged around them all summer. Consequently he was left with one answer: whoever had lunched on the lake shore was either hiding around the lake or somewhere between it and the falls. It wasn't reasonable to assume that they—or he—would have elected to make a long carry through the woods.

As he climbed back up the bank beside the falls, he had another thought. He stood, therefore, on the edge of the swift water above the leap for a long time and cogitated. At last he seemed satisfied, and started home.

It was late afternoon when he reached Lonely Lodge.

In the evening he saw Beth. It was in the hall. The door to the sitting room of the suite occupied by the Walterses was open. She walked in, and he followed her. He still did not know why. The attraction she had for him gave him an emotion that was not unlike rage. She was too perfect, too neat, too unmussed. And she returned his violent gaze so comprehendingly that he felt his common sense depart.

"You weren't—on duty—last night," he said finally.

"No," she answered. "You told me not to be."

"I sat up all night—waiting for you."

Her eyes, he thought. Damn them! They were laughing.

"I knew you would," she said, a bit shakily.

He marched up to her. "You know what I'd like to do?" He realized it was silly. "Spank you!"

"Wouldn't you rather kiss me?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He grabbed her. He kissed her so hard that it was more like a blow than any meeting of lips. He dropped her. He sat down suddenly on a chaise longue. His voice was weary, disgusted, lost. "I don't know what made me do that. You'll have to forgive it. I used to think I was a tough guy. But—sitting up here—waiting for I don't know what—and with you busting around the bushes—damn it! Scram!"

She still clung to the rifle when she went into his arms.

She moved toward him, slowly pushed her hand over the back of his head, and said softly, "Shall I resume the dog-watch?"

He jumped up, his face flushed. "No! Beat it!"

She went.

After dinner he apologized to his guests for his fatigue, and retired. He had planned to order Rodgers to stand guard over him while he slept, but Bailey's uneasiness was so great and his mistrust of every one so intense that he simply locked up his room and, with the utmost precaution, climbed up on the second-story roof. His bedroom was dangerous.

He had taken two blankets. He spread them out in a

tin-guttered hollow behind a gable. He felt fairly secure there. He could not be seen from the ground. The hiding place satisfied him enough so that he made the resigned decision that if any one got him there, he'd have to take it. No single man could face twenty-one people—and the unknown number of strangers in the green limbo of the wilderness—for two weeks without sleep.

He slept heavily from early evening until dawn.

Physically somewhat refreshed, but mentally still crushed by a nightmarish feeling of universal unreliability, he carried out his intentions of the day before. He invited Walters to go for a paddle with him. Walters didn't want to go. Bailey insisted.

"Ducks," the captain said. They took a shotgun.

That hard-pressed invitation, made at the breakfast table, brought open terror into the eyes of Martha Walters. It made Nellie Dudley glance at his friend with an expression of warning to vigilance.

They paddled north on Bailey's lake, Rainy Pond, Duck Lake itself, and the Ossawasset River. Bailey pushed rhythmically in the stern.

Walters, angular, deep-voiced, nervous, said he was really glad of an opportunity to talk to the captain alone. "You must not step aside for your employees," he said. "I'm in no position to ask favors of you, I know. You did me a great one, once. You taught me a lesson I shall never forget. But—this scheme of yours—will wreck so many people—"

"I don't think so. It may reduce a number of fortunes—yours included. But I'm going ahead with it. As soon as Nellie Dudley gets back, the deal will go through. I'm even having a will drawn up so that it'll happen whether I'm dead or alive."

"Aren't you afraid of Mitchell's retaliations?"

"Why?"

"Don't you think he'll wreck your companies when you step out? Aren't you of the opinion that your employees won't be able to run the businesses well?"

"You're one," the captain answered. "How about it?"

"I wouldn't want the responsibility."

Bailey was acrimonious. "Nobody does! Everybody wants me to carry him—or her! Well, I won't! And that's that!" The captain eyed the shore. "Ducks pretty scarce, I guess. Notice how the current is speeding up?"

"Yes. Rapids ahead?"

"It's a waterfall. I almost went over it a couple of years ago. We were landing just above it. The man with me—a greenhorn, like yourself—stepped out without holding the canoe bow. I'd tossed my paddle ashore. In two seconds that current had sucked me to the brink. If he hadn't had the presence of mind to toss me a paddle, and the luck to throw it where I could grab it, I'd have gone over."

"Long drop?"

"A hundred feet—on to rock."

"Bad."

BAILEY paddled ahead. Had the suggestion been well planted? His survey of the day before had assured him that a canoe pushed from the sandy point on which he intended to land would, indeed, carry its occupant over the falls—if he had no paddle. Would Walters avail himself of it?

Tied along the bottom, where Bailey could grab it in an instant, was an extra paddle.

The falls roared more loudly. The Ossawasset speeded up so that its shores began to roll past like the background in a motion picture.

A simple occasion for murder.

"That little point, over there," Bailey pointed, "is where we'll land!"

Walters looked back at him. "Isn't that pretty close to the falls?"

"We can make it." Calm words. "Save a lot of carrying. There's another pond below. Apt to be ducks on it."

They were moving very swiftly. Ahead of them the river ended in a horizontal line, sleek, smooth, terrifying.

The universe now thundered with the din of the waters. Walters quit paddling and held the gunwales. The captain jammed his paddle again. The canoe skidded diagonally through the sleek torrent. A moment later it slowed, and its bow grated lightly on the shore of the point.

The stern, in which the captain still sat, was but a few feet from the fingers of the flood. Walters stepped tremblingly ashore. The bow rose. He gripped it. His companion, at whom he looked, tossed his paddle up on the sand. He was smiling cheerfully.

"Fun, eh?"

Bailey put his hand in his breast pocket and took out a package of cigarettes. Walters was holding the bow in one hand and his shotgun in the other. Bailey lighted his cigarette, paying no attention to his own predicament. A push—and he would be gone—so far as Walters knew. Excusably, forgivably gone. Nobody but a lunatic would land on that point. Every one at the camp would be glad, in a way, that not both of them but only one had lost his life.

Bailey's match went out. He struck another.

WALTERS pulled the canoe as far up on the sand as his strength would permit. So far, in fact, that it tilted on its keel and the captain very nearly fell into shallow water. The paddle underneath the canoe was yanked loose by being skidded across the bottom. It floated up, bumped a stump, turned, and was sucked into the stream. They watched it go over the falls.

Walters stared at the captain, trembling. Bailey did not try to yell any explanation above the din of the falls. He lashed across the thwarts the two paddles they had been using, turned the canoe upside down, knelt beneath it, heaved the paddle blades on to his shoulders, and started painstakingly down the steep portage. Below the falls he put the craft in the water again. They paddled on until it was quiet.

Then Walters stopped. Gravely he turned. His voice was low. "That was a sort of William Tell, eh?"

The captain nodded. "A spare—in case of need."

"You expected me to shove you out? You—baited me to it—and then were ready in case I did."

"Yeah."

"Funny. You know, for a second, I thought of doing it."

Bailey steered without stroking. Walters took a pipe from his leather jacket and lighted it. His fingers shook. "That," he said finally, "explains the guide, eh? Mistaken for you. And you're going through us one by one."

He was silent. "You know, Rob, I've been grateful to you for three years. And also afraid of you. My intellect insists that you're a fine man. I certainly will never be fool enough to—embezzle—again. But some primitive part of me must resent what you know about me. Because I have terrific nightmares about you. In the last six months I've worked myself up so that I've often wondered if I wouldn't crack into a first-class nervous breakdown any day."

Again he paused and puffed his pipe. "Oddly enough—after this experience—I feel as if I could sleep again and see you again without that incubus. In fact I feel ready to take over my share of the corporate burden when you step out. Curious, isn't it? I presume that the fact that I had my opportunity—and didn't use it—makes me reassured."

"I'm glad," the captain said. His tone was sincere.

"Can I help in any way?"

"I don't think so. Unless you happen to notice any irregular acts—"

"Right. And thanks again, Rob. This time I think you've managed to make something like a man of me."

That was that. They found no ducks.

When they came back again to Lonely Lodge, the others were gathered in the living room.

Shortly after Bailey and Walters had paddled away, the whole group had turned out to extinguish a brush fire, the smoke from which had been seen rising in the near-by forest. Fortunately it had not spread far. In the small area it had burned, there were signs of human habitation—charred remnants of a spruce-bough bed, and tent stakes, a can that had contained solidified alcohol, and an empty rifle shell. The location of the camp site itself, while within three quarters of a mile of the

Lodge, was so well concealed by the surrounding terrain and so deeply buried in vegetation that a score of men might have failed to find it in days of search.

They told Bailey.

"That," Evelyn said, "is how the guide was killed."

Bailey looked from face to face. "You know what you imply, of course? Whoever is out in the bush must have burglarized this place to get the bow. Why would he do that?"

A dozen reasons were offered.

"Tomorrow," Bailey said, "we'll have to go out and look for them."

Evelyn was sitting beside Carey on a window seat.

Bailey wanted to change his clothes. He said so. He contrived to murmur a private word to Martha. She had observed the difference in her husband's demeanor. She needed only the captain's private whisper, "He's O. K., Martha. O. K.," to be made happy.

While he was dressing he had asked Rodgers if any one in the Lodge had behaved in such a way as to suggest that he was communicating with the outsiders. Rodgers had not contributed anything.

He went down to dinner. Evelyn was sore at him. Carey had not been like his former self. Mr. Case, Evelyn's father, had been morose since his arrival. Maybe— He dismissed the notion that Evelyn and her father might be responsible. Dismissed it, however, only after it had flashed through his mind that perhaps his fiancée was as cold and deliberate as other women had said, and the obvious fact that his death would make the girl independent and both herself and her father rich—unless he changed his will. And they knew he intended to change it.

His nerves were shot. He was haunted by the men in the forest. He had no place to sleep. What if Martha had done it all?

He wished that he still had one of the planes at the camp. For the first time in his life he knew that he would flee from danger.

It had been going on too long. Suppose, up there on the cliff, the safety rope had broken? Suppose Mitchell hadn't waited to talk? Suppose Walters had pushed him and he'd been unable to loosen the paddle from the bottom of the canoe quickly enough? Suppose Mary *had* stabbed, and he'd missed her hand? Suppose one of the men in the woods was *standing out there now leveling a rifle!*

He whirled around and jumped to the window.

All the men were on their feet.

Bailey grinned weakly, as he realized what he had done. "Thought I heard somebody out there," he said lamely. "Rodgers, have the guides take a look around, will you?"

The men sat down. The pounding of many hearts slowly returned to near normal. The meal fizzled out.

AT eleven o'clock Mrs. Walters yawned magnificently and said, "Well, folks, I think we're making a mountain of a molehill! Probably those lurking people are perfectly innocent. A professor catching beetles, or something like that. I, for one, am going to bed."

Her husband rose and took her arm. "Me, too," he said. "Good night, Rob."

Bailey was cut out of a bridge game. Evelyn led him to a corner of the room. "You look rotten," she said.

"I'm all right."

She was distraught. Her eyes were restive. "Look, Robbie—" she began. She was obviously nerving herself to tell him something unpleasant.

"I'm looking. You're a bit fagged yourself."

"I know. I want to talk to you about—"

"What?"

She glanced around the room to see if she was being overheard. She drew a breath. She could not find the spirit to say what she wished. "Nothing!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing at all! Forget it! Why don't you turn in? I think I shall."

She wandered away. She said good nights. She went upstairs.

Mitchell called across the room: "Bailey! Suppose you and MacGreggor and Dudley and Ralph and the guides and I really work out a scheme for tomorrow's search?"

Bailey got out a map of the adjacent country. The conference lasted for an hour.

After that the men retired.

In his room, Bailey struggled for courage. He turned out the lights and sat down on his bed. He put his holster across his knees, rubbing the place under his arm where its constant presence had made him numb.

There was a faint sound out on the porch roof.

His fingers slipped around his gun. His hair bristled. He held his breath. He crept across the floor. He raised his eyes up to the window sill.

In the starlight he saw a silhouette. A person crammed against the wall. Sitting. The glint of a gun in the person's lap. A person—in a dress.

"Beth!" he whispered.

He felt rather than saw the person flinch, and Beth's voice came back—soft, amused! "Good evening, captain."

SILENTLY he opened the screen. Silently he clambered out beside her. He sat close. His legs extended parallel to hers. He dropped his gun into his lap. "You precious fool," he whispered.

Her head nodded. "Did I tell you about being in love with you when I was six years old?"

The violence of his mood departed. He could hear the lake and see the stars and smell the pines. In place of his fear came a memory of the kiss he had given Beth. He considered taking her hand. That consideration was the impetus for a chain of surprising thoughts. If I take her hand, I'll kiss her. She wants me to. She's waiting for it. She really loves me. In some primitive, reliable, terrific way. She wants to be mine. She doesn't give a damn what I do. She wouldn't care where we went. She'd sail, or scramble through the jungle, or sit at the head of a table with six wineglasses at her place and those same incredibly clear eyes, that same funny riot of bobbed hair. If I went away, she'd wait patiently. When I came back, she'd be there. And Evelyn—Evelyn? A different code. A different feeling about life and people. An idea of love that is an idea—not an emotion. If I took Beth's hand—now—she'd want to be kissed. So he didn't bother to take her hand.

After he had kissed her for a long time, he felt strong again. He murmured, "We know all about this, don't we? So we won't need to say anything."

He felt her nod against his lips.

"But, first, we've got to clear up this trouble—"

Another nod.

"And then I've got to square Evelyn—"

Much later he said, "Look, dear. I pretty nearly cracked up tonight. But I'm all right now. I want you to go to bed. That's an order."

"All right."

Beth kissed him and went down the hall.

Bailey shut the window. It was the one from which Beth had observed his first secret trip into the woods. He slithered across the porch roof into his own room. He was alive again. He had his courage.

He had no more than reached his room when he had a plan. The night lay before him. In it he would solve the mystery of the men in the woods. From the dock he would

What attack are New York City's crime barons plotting against Thomas E. Dewey, daring young prosecutor who sent the city's vice czar, Lucky Luciano, to prison for fifty years? With Luciano still fighting from behind the bars, where will he strike against the man who has broken the back of the city's most vicious racket, the control of prostitution?

This victory was only the first step in a last-ditch fight to break the criminal underworld's strangle hold on America's greatest city. The battle has only begun, and powerful forces are gathering to crush Dewey's incredible drive.

He was chosen to lead the crime fight at a time when New York City was ruled by criminals in partnership with politics. A reign of terror was on, made possible by public indifference. Citizens were terrorized into silence. Children were shot down in the streets. Every person in New York was paying tribute, in some form, to gangsters.

His first redoubt taken, he now has lashed out at another racket controlled by the master mind of New York's underworld, a sinister figure referred to by worshiping gangsters and politicians as The Boss.

Will this determined prosecutor win against this wealthy supercriminal? This is a struggle that only modern times, modern city politics can produce.

Coming soon in Liberty! Watch for it!

survey the lake. If that were fruitless, he would stand watch on the top of Knob Hill. Certainly in the dawn he would see their breakfast fire, or else the distant dot of their canoe on one of the nameless lakes in the district.

Ten minutes later, with his moccasins on his feet, a gun in his holster, a flashlight in his pocket, he was sliding across the long field to the dock. He took up a post there in the dark, the quiet, the starlight—his elbows on a rail, his eyes and ears straining toward the night.

Beth's ecstatic entry into his life had not merely reanimated him. It had given him a strong inward composure.

So, as the minutes slipped by, he found his mind working clearly, whereas in the past few days it had been a blur.

He began to wonder who the men in the woods could be, and who could have made the contact necessary to tell them that their first effort had been a failure, or needful of further direction. Almost every one had gone hunting or fishing at one time or another. The servants were watchers—but no one had watched them. Thus, conceivably, any one might have found several opportunities to make contacts with the unknown campers. Any one could not only have held secret meetings with the campers—any one could have *been* the campers!

Ralph, say. Ralph could easily have *built* that fireplace and left the rice and raisins. The shot during the burial service? Bailey grinned. Ralph could have arranged it hours before it happened. Any ingenious kid could have done it. A gun with a hair trigger—a string—an alarm clock set to go off and wind up the string at a certain time.

And the fire in the woods? If Ralph (for example) had gone into the woods on the previous night with an empty alcohol can, a shell, and a hatchet, he could have cut the spruce bed and the tent pegs, left the metal items, and then fixed the "camp site" to catch fire hours later, by setting a candle burning on a heap of tinder and fuel.

A cinch!

The motive behind such tricks was simple. They would form a perfect alibi for a *murder yet to take place.*

Softly he whistled. The assassin could now kill him with impunity. The deed would be attributed to the "men in the woods." So would Stacey's death. A search would be made for those men. Trading posts would be watched. Airplanes would comb the wilderness waterways. Rewards would be offered. But they would never be found—because they did not exist. And the real murderer would go scot-free—aiding in the search, laughing at the searchers, beyond danger, beyond the law.

A person clever enough to make the attempts in New York which had put him so dramatically on guard, would also be imaginative enough to fake the "men in the woods." A person clever enough to try to poison him, or to dress up as a woman and attempt to smash him against a post of the elevated on Sixth Avenue—

He had been standing still. But at that instant he froze. He held his breath. He knew who the killer was. As he exhaled, he murmured into the night, "Those elevated pillars! Nellie knew about them! Nellie!"

Something dug into his back and a voice said sibilantly, "Put your hands up, Rob!"

BAILEY very slowly raised his arms, and very slowly he turned around. He'd remembered just too late—remembered that while the entrance to his office was on Fifth Avenue, the car had not tried to run him down until he had walked a block to Sixth. And Nellie, on his first day at the Lodge, had involuntarily said something about being "chased around elevated pillars." The picture had been so vivid in the captain's mind that he had not wondered how Nellie had known that detail until this moment. He'd been too deeply absorbed in his own plot to discover and trap the killer.

And now Nellie was standing before him with a gun. Now it was too late. The lawyer had chosen this moment—had crept up soundlessly behind him—and was ready. Bailey tried to stave off the last instant.

He didn't raise his voice. "I figured it—a bit late, didn't I?" His smile was rueful.

Nellie appeared to be unhurried. "It was touch-and-go. I've been wondering when you would recall that slip of mine. I'm not pressed for time. But don't yell or move."

Bailey was piecing things together—thinking against time, and without his control. He kept on smiling. "I see. But I guess I've doped it all out now. You drove the car. You fixed that pie. Did you by any chance arrange to have Mary Brookhart on the scene? Waiting—to meet *you* in my office, eh?" He watched the lawyer's nod. "And *you* were the shot, and the fire, and the rice and raisins in the woods?"

"All three." Dudley pushed hard on the gun. "Look, Rob. Because I do respect you, I'm going to give you a choice. Head or heart."

"Thanks." It was a dry syllable. The captain moved along the rail. "What is it? A forty-five? All right. Between the eyes, then." His manner changed imperceptibly. He became even more eager to continue this last-minute discussion. "I've liked you, too, Nellie. Look. Why this? I never did you dirt."

HE knew the answer—more or less. He could read it in the lawyer's steadiness, his repressed amusement. Dudley was insane—brilliantly, purposefully insane. Successfully insane. The captain edged farther, and watched his chance. Any chance. To strike, grab, dodge, get away from the digging muzzle.

"No. You've already stated the—motive, Rob. Money. I'm facing ruin. Disgrace. The fact that I'll get a big chunk of your estate will hold off my creditors. Save me from prison—among other things. You're my only out. Hate to kill you. I have to."

"Why couldn't you have asked me, at least, Nellie?"

"Because you'd have inevitably found out about me a lot of things no living man is ever going to know. Get ready."

"May I ask one more question? Just curiosity?"

Nellie was beginning to pant. The game was lasting too long for his disordered nerves and brains. "Quickly!"

The captain didn't hurry. "When you shoot, and the people in the Lodge find you missing, why won't they logically suspect—"

"Do you think I'm a fool!" That notion amused the lawyer. "Remember the beaver Carey and Evelyn caught? My door's locked. My bath is running into the tub. The beaver is tied to the faucet, struggling—splashing now and then. I shoot. People start out here to see what happened. Before they think to get me, I'm in the bath again—up the pine—over the porch—through your room. You see? A half-dozen people will swear that I was in the tub all the time—if it's ever necessary!"

Bailey's voice was as dulcet as a summer wind. "All right, Nellie. I guess you've got the aces. All but one. Beth—Mrs. Walters's maid—with a rifle in her hands—is standing two feet behind you!"

Dudley turned to look. The captain's fist knocked his revolver into the water. Beth's rifle flashed and grazed the would-be murderer's skull. The captain's other fist landed on his jaw with bone-splitting force.

She still clung to the rifle when she went into Bailey's arms. "I disobeyed orders," she whispered—"sort of." She shook like a leaf. He held her. "I heard his tub running over for a long time. I knocked. His door was locked. I got in a window. The beaver had stopped up the outlet with his tail. So—I knew—it was him, and he was out here after you. I—I grabbed the gun in the living room. I heard your voices. Oh!" It was an agonized word. "An eternity went by while I crawled up on the dock!"

He touched her shoulder. "Yeah. I saw you coming. A thousand eternities!"

It was a considerable time later in the night, and every one was having sandwiches and coffee in the living room, when Evelyn found an opportunity to speak to Bailey alone.

"I've seen what's happened to you and Beth," she began. "I'm glad. Terribly glad! You see—it's happened to me, too! Carey. I love him, Rob. Love him!"

He was bursting, then, with happiness. He wanted to tell them all. He stood up. "Friends," he called. And he knew they were all his friends. There was no longer a traitor among them.

THE END

$1,500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

YOU CAN WIN IN LIBERTY'S NEW

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT!

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
20 PRIZES, each $10	200
90 PRIZES, each $5	450

START YOUR ENTRY NOW!

GET into the game. Your chance to win is still excellent! If you have failed to enter during the first three weeks, you can start right now and then go back and make up the lost ground. Don't miss this chance for fun and easy money. Start by reading the rules, of course. Then clip the pictures of the Presidents appearing below and paste those that are identified by the verses in the space provided. Be sure that you save the pictures which you do not use in this week's coupon. You may need them later in the game. The picture of each President will be published at least once during the game.

LATE ENTRY

For those who have delayed starting, Liberty has printed a supply of reprints of the first three sets of pictures and coupons. These are obtainable upon written request to the address in Rule 5. Please enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. Using these reprints, you can bring your entry even with the field.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK ARE IN THIS GROUP

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.

2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.

3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining "What the Constitution of the United States means to me."

4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

CLIP HERE

CLIP HERE

GAME OF PRESIDENTS

COUPON NO. 4

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A scion of dignity from off the bench,
By time well rewarded for earlier wrench.
Across the Pacific he served in his prime
The cause of man's freedom in far distant clime.

. . . . . .

(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

His tenure of effort by seasons he named
Through purposeful strategy seldom proclaimed;
He battled in heat and in cold when it blew
Beneath the dark armor of armies in blue.

. . . . . .

(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

Black Hawk was his foe where the Wabash doth flow,
And Seminoles, too, where the hurricanes blow;
So on to the stream called the great Rio Grande
Where noble Santa Anna made his final stand.

. . . . . .

(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

The student of purpose in tenure of time,
That some have declared to approach the sublime.
The Greek and the Roman so molded in one,
He fought for the right when the gauntlet was flung.

. . . . . .

(Write name of President here)

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Vox Pop

The New York Times and the Japanese

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Did you see what the New York Sunday Times said in reply to Japan Is at War with Us Now! in August 29 Liberty? I am enclosing it.—*Mark Stanley.*

[*The editorial follows*]

Japanese imports of cotton cloths produce alarming effects on the minds of some members of the cotton textile industry. Mr. Donald Comer, president of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association and also of the Avondale Mills in Birmingham, Alabama, has written an article for Liberty Magazine called Japan Is at War with Us Now! He takes his title seriously. Any "fair lady," he tells us, who buys a cheap Japanese handkerchief is "trading with the enemy." After the usual breathless quotation of the figures of Japanese cotton textile imports, and after leading the reader to infer that all the troubles of the American cotton textile industry, including the shutdown and liquidation of the great Amoskeag Mill, have been owing to Japanese competition, he makes the following modest proposals:

"Fortunately, there are several ways of fighting the invader. One is to enforce the spirit as well as the letter of the Japanese Exclusion Act, . . . to interpret that act as barring the product of cheap Japanese labor as well as the Japanese himself."

True, he prefers "quotas rigidly limiting the influx of Japanese products," but one thing he is certain of: "A mere tariff wall affords no protection."

At another point he does consider one of the possible consequences of this course, but quickly dismisses it:

"Our farmers may say: 'Japan will stop buying our cotton if we limit her exports to us.' Fortunately, we have a powerful weapon of retaliation. We buy nearly 85 per cent of her raw silk. To stop the purchase of that silk would be a deathblow to Japan."

That it might also do some slight damage to our own silk textile industry is a point that may occur to the bystander, but Mr. Comer does not discuss it. Apparently the damage that would be done to American industry and American consumers is a secondary question: what is important is whether we could do still more damage to the Japanese. This is the true war psychology, the fanaticism that redoubles its efforts when it has forgotten its aim.

To restore perspective, it may be useful to recall once more the central facts about our trade with Japan. For the first six months of this year we have imported 45,000,000 square yards of Japanese cotton textiles, compared with 21,000,000 square yards in the first six months of 1935. But even these greatly increased imports amount to only about 1 per cent of our total domestic cotton fabric production. Mr. Comer contends that the Japanese imports are equal to 48 per cent of the domestic production of "comparable" fabrics; but this would simply mean that only about 2 per cent of the entire domestic cotton textile production is directly subject to Japanese competition.

The entire Japanese textile imports for the first six months of this year have been running at an annual rate of only $4,000,000. Against this Japan purchased in the crop year ended July 31 last approximately $100,000,000 worth of our raw cotton. In other words, Japan is still buying $25 of our raw cotton for every $1 worth of cotton textiles she is selling to us. It would be economically insane for this country to imperil its sales of raw cotton to Japan by hysterical action regarding Japanese textile imports.

Our total sales to Japan, too, are still in excess of our purchases from her. In 1935 we bought $153,000,000 worth of Japanese goods and sold Japan $203,000,000 worth of ours; in the first half of this year we bought $79,000,000 worth and sold her $93,000,000 worth. However difficult it may be to negotiate with the Japanese on some of these matters, there is no good reason for losing our own heads.

REGISTERING ASTONISHMENT

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to register my extreme astonishment at your publishing what amounts to a powerful attack on Ann Harding, the screen actress (September 5 Liberty). Regardless of whether she or Bannister is at fault, the article is the most prejudiced attack I remember to have read in a long time.

It is not worthy of your publication. To write an article which bends back to create such an impression as this does is to disappoint your many readers who would not have thought it possible for Liberty to have done such a small and ignoble thing as to stab a woman in the back—for it amounts to that.—*J. L. Harbison.*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—September 5 Liberty is deserving of commendation for the article by Frederick L. Collins, Why Ann Harding Wants Her Child to Be "a Lady."—*W. Oldfields.*

AND THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—First, is Vox Pop simplified Latin for Foxy Grandpa? No? Well, Vox Pop goes the weasel:

Little Boy Blue, blow your horn Hard,
Landon Bridge is falling doon:
The pied piper of Hamilton piped
And the Low-den jumped Hoover the moon.

Hickory Dickory Dox,
The Hearst Randolph the Knox.
Little Smith muffed it,
Frank Delano tuck it
Over the hills and Far-l-ey.

Old Mother F. R. went to the Supreme Bar
To get his boondoggle a drink.
He knocked once or twice, the Bar said,
"No Dice!"
A five-to-four decision, I think.
—*Nelson Hemman.*

WHILE WOMEN DODDLE

GRINNELL, IA.—Why should women be allowed to play golf on courses that men play? The average woman golfer hits the ball about ten feet, then picks it up and wipes all grass stains and dirt off with her handkerchief.

And while the women doddle around, we good men golfers are held up because the average woman golfer (God help her!) won't admit she is hopelessly out-

classed and still believes the old saying, "women first," holds true in golf. Fore!
—*Bob (Potential Woman Killer) Evans.*

MAGICIANS ROW OVER BRIDGE

BOSTON, MASS.—Let me say that Mac Dougall in August 8 Liberty has given you *my method* for cheating at bridge, which was published by me in my book, Two Hours with Frank Lane.

The possibilities for any one winning in this manner through subtlety and keeping their eyes open is my own idea and thought out by myself and used by me for years in demonstrations.

I know Mac Dougall personally, and naturally I think he's mighty small to palm off *my material* on you folks and get paid for it.—*Frank Lane.*

[PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Frank Lane's assertion that he invented the method of cheating used in my story, Cheating at Bridge, is utterly ridiculous. This system was used by card cheats long before either Frank Lane or myself were born.

It so happens that Cheating at Bridge is a true case. It occurred in November, 1929. Naturally, the principals in the case are reluctant to allow their identity to become public. Luckily, I do not need them to prove Frank Lane's claim to be false.

To the best of my knowledge, Frank Lane's manuscript did not appear until two or three years ago. About 1930 I was in Boston all one

winter. During this time I showed many gambling sleights to the Boston magicians. One day Harry Blackstone, the famous magician, and myself visited Frank Lane's shop. While there I gave an outline of this method of cheating.

I can produce hundreds of reputable witnesses to testify that I have been telling this story since it happened in 1929.—*Samuel (Mickey) Mac Dougall.*]

PRECOCIOUS SHIRLEY

INDIAN HEAD, MD.—I have just read four - year - old Richard Park's letter in August 22 Vox Pop, and I'll admit he's a very precocious child to understand a magazine like Liberty at that age, but I can go him one better.

I am only thirteen months old, and I not only enjoy Liberty but read it myself. Here is a picture to prove what I say is true.—*Shirley Marie Cox.*

[Some Vox Poppers have been asking for a children's page in Liberty. Is it really needed when Richard Park and Shirley Cox take such enjoyment in the magazine as it is?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

JOHNNY EVERS'S ERRORS

PADUCAH, KY.—Johnny Evers's entertaining article (August 29 Liberty) is somewhat marred by his statement that in the World Series of 1906 the White Sox staff was aided and abetted by a trick—that the Sox had their fences painted in glaring colors, so it blinded the Cub batters.

Evers certainly remembers that the first three games the Sox won were won on Cub grounds, *not* Sox grounds, and that the Cubs won all of their games on the Sox grounds, where, he says, the Sox tricked them.

The final game, which was a rout, was won by the Sox on the Sox grounds.

I might add that the hitting of the Cubs against the Sox has always been very light from that day to this.

The records will show I am correct in these statements.—Ye *Olde Timer.*

WHY TELEVISION IS HELD BACK

YAZOO CITY, MISS.—In August 22 Liberty, Mr. David Sarnoff gives two reasons, both scientific, why television is being held back. They are logical reasons, but I wonder if the really big reason isn't the fact that the movie magnates, chain-theater owners, and sound-equipment manufacturers are not quite ready for this sort of competition in the average home.—*Lloyd Earl Morris.*

GARGANTUAN MENTALITY

LOUISVILLE, KY.—R. J. Derbes, Jr. (September 5 Vox Pop), in his criticism of the Macfadden editorial of July 18, goes to considerable trouble to explain the law of supply and demand. This law is not such profound economic knowledge as Mr. Derbes imagines. On the contrary, it is common knowledge of every schoolboy when he begins to trade marbles, kites, etc.

What Mr. Macfadden really had in mind when he said, "High prices always mean a decrease in buying power. The number of customers are always materially lessened when prices advance," is the false economy of scarcity which the New Deal has used in its childish efforts to correct certain flaws in the economic setup.

It is my honest opinion that no worse crime has ever been committed in this country than the New Deal committed when it destroyed food in the presence of hunger and want.

If his statements are an example of Mr. Derbes's gargantuan mentality, it is small wonder that he signs himself "C. P. A., Retired."—*Sam Brown.*

DR. EUWE IS CHESS CHAMPION

DETROIT, MICH.—In Liberty's admirable department, Twenty Questions (July 25 issue), one S. Flohr is mentioned as chess champion of the world. I was under the impression that Dr. Max Euwe gained the championship by defeating Dr. Alexander Alekhine in the New York tournament some months ago. Probably I am in error, but at any rate I will welcome a little straightening out.—*P-K4.*

[P-K4 is right, together with many others who wrote us about our mistake. How it happened is one of those pranks of mischance that get into print in spite of all reference books and a dozen argus-eyed editorial checkers. The Twenty Questions Editor had it right in his copy, but in the process of editing copy some one thought he knew better and changed Euwe to Flohr! Now all we pawns apologize.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

"HARDTACK"

"He says he studied about Eskimos today, and this is his homework."

HOW TO USE THAT PUNCH

CHICAGO, ILL.—Boris M. Lang of September 5 Vox Pop should reveal the secret of the powerhouse punch to the chap closest to him at this minute. Then this chap could do the readers of Vox Pop a favor by using it on Mr. Lang.—*Fight Fan.*

GAWBLIMY!

ALBANY, N. Y.—The "Henglish Gal" who writes in August 29 Vox Pop about the terrible thing of asking God to blind us (Gawblimy) evidently is not a Cockney, although she may hail from some other part of Merrie England.

The expression "Gawblimy" is heard only in and around London and has not the meaning your writer says. It means:

"God blame me!" To those acquainted with the Cockney vernacular, "blame" is pronounced "blime."—*J. Wilson Roy.*

CORPSE ON EXHIBITION

PORTLAND, WASH.—What barbarians Americans are! Since my arrival in your country I have had occasion to observe your funerals, for instance.

The corpse is placed upon exhibition. Then comes an hour of ritual and eulogy, and all through this the family sits in torture. Not only is the body on display—and a ghastly one it is—but also on exhibition are the bereaved. They usually are the center of attraction. A majority of the mourners are there to see how the widow, widower, or family "bear up." A few, of course, are there out of respect.

At the conclusion of services, friends (and often morbidly curious strangers) file past the bier. Then the procession to the burying ground, except in case of cremation.

When people really begin to take on civilization, such spectacles as I have described will be contrary to law. When death occurs, local authorities will take charge of the body and cremate it. There will be no senseless expensive caskets and morbid public displays of grief. The family will mourn in the privacy of their homes. Too, much valuable ground now wasted in cemeteries will be devoted to better purposes.—*Citizen of the World.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

POPLAR BLUFF, MO.—A girl basketball player shoved a live mouse into the pocket of her blouse and defied opponents to interfere with her shots.

BUZEU, RUMANIA—The threat of the Rumanian government to dismiss the whole city police force of the town of Buzeu for inefficiency broke the hearts of a dangerous gang of burglars. They sent to the chief of police a letter stating that "We, the thieves of Buzeu, do not want the poor cops to lose their jobs and shall consequently transfer our activities to other parts of the country. Our principle is, live and let live."

UNION, S. C.—Postal clerks handing out bonus bonds told the story of a Negro who presented to them a birth certificate and explained: "Cap, I hear you're giving baby bonds to folks, and my wife had a baby in January and us ain't never got nothing." He pointed to the birth certificate as proof of the baby, and would scarcely believe the bonds were not that kind of "baby bonds."

CARDIFF, WALES—Over a churchyard gate there was an inscription: "This Is the Gate of Heaven." Beside it (during alterations being made in the church) hung a sign: "Go Around the Other Way."

CLEVELAND, OHIO—James Suk, a regular visitor to police court and always charged with drunkenness, received what he thought was the usual verdict one day and weaved by habit into the nearest cell. He was immediately removed. The verdict was "Not guilty."

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Called to settle a dispute between two brothers over ownership of a raspberry pie, Detectives Richard Whale and Roy Johnson settled the controversy with little trouble. The detectives cut the pie in half and ate it while the two quarreling youths looked on. With the cause of the dispute removed, the brothers ended their fight.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The following was once fixed to a barbed-wire fence some miles outside San Francisco:

NOTIS

Trespassers will B persecuted to the full extent of 2 mungrel dogs which neve was over sochible to strangers & 1 dubble brl shot gun which aint loded with sofa pillors. Dam if I aint gettin tired of this hell raisin on my place.—B. GRISCOM.

—The Docket.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY COLE BRADLEY

Is
J. Edgar Hoover
On the Spot?

Who wants to get rid of the famous leader of the G-men? Is there an alliance against him of crime and politics? Are there jealousies in rival departments? Has he made enemies in Congress because he would not appoint the wrong men to hunt down kidnapers and killers?

OR

Is J. Edgar Hoover a menace to free America? A man who wants to build an American G. P. U.? A national police that might serve the purpose of political tyranny?

Answers to these questions are as startling as they are important. In Liberty next week Will Irwin tells you the straight facts—facts as dramatic in their way as is the thrilling history of the

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

There was a mad and desperate crew. First a riot in Cairo; then hell in Gallipoli. And a quarter of a million men died.

Digger Craven, Australian trooper, went through the whole hellish campaign. The hush-hush campaign that no one has wanted to talk about. The war story that is now told in all its hideous reality by Captain Blackledge. Read it in Liberty next week, together with STORIES AND ARTICLES by Dora Macy, Robert Neal Leath, John R. Tunis, Igor I. Sikorsky, "Pop" Warner, Hulbert Footner, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE OCT. 7

Get Your Copy of Liberty Next Wednesday

For the discriminating woman

THIS HOLLYWOOD STYLE AND FASHION SERVICE

Whether the evening goes formal or informal this costume will be correct.

Gladys Swarthout is a dream in this gown of delicious gray.

Joan Marsh wears a tunic frock of black crepe and velvet.

Brown felt with a darting red quill.

Note: In each issue of Photoplay you will find a nation-wide list of shops where the charming garments and accessories it shows you may be had.

FOR the woman who can and does buy the things she wants, Photoplay, the aristocrat of motion picture magazines, provides an unique service. Each month it brings to a selected group of the most discriminating women in America a beautiful and practical display of glamorous Hollywood fashions. Selected and arranged by Kathleen Howard, these fashion plates (eight or ten beautiful roto pages) reveal the latest and smartest creations by the world's most noted fashion designers which make the women of Hollywood the most alluring in the world. • Nor does this Hollywood charm and fashion service confine itself to styles in clothes alone. Each issue brings to you the newest Hollywood styles, fads and fancies in accessories, cosmetics, entertainment — all of the subtle touches that spell super-smartness as contrasted with the commonplace. • If you are not already taking advantage of this charming service which is exclusive to Photoplay, a single copy will convince you that to be longer without it would be a major extravagance. The October issue of Photoplay with its wealth of styles for October use is now available at the better newsstands. The November issue, rich in material for November, will be on sale October 7th. You will do well to get them both.

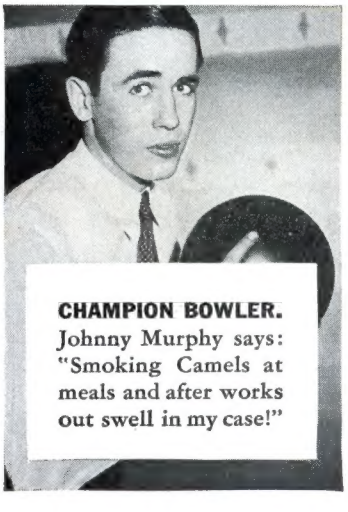
PHOTOPLAY

AFTER THE GREATEST FINISH under fire in golfing history, Tony Manero gets set for hearty eating by smoking Camels. He won the 1936 National Open with a spectacular 282. His digestion stands the strain of the long grind because, as Tony says: "I'll go on record any time as one who thanks Camels for stimulating digestion. I feel cheered up while I'm eating—enjoy my food more—and have a feeling of ease afterward when I enjoy Camels along with my meals. Camels set me right."

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHETHER YOU ARE CATCHING A QUICK BITE OR DINING IN STATE—

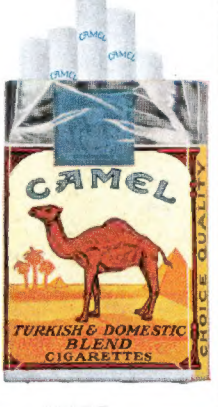
"for Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels!"



CHAMPION BOWLER. Johnny Murphy says: "Smoking Camels at meals and after works out swell in my case!"

WITH healthy nerves and good digestion, you feel on top of the world.

When you smoke Camels with your meals and after, tension is lessened. The flow of digestive fluids speeds up. And alkalinity is increased. For "lift" and "for digestion's sake," the answer is Camels. Camels set you right!



● **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.**

"WHAT A PLEASANT aid to digestion Camels are!" says this busy homemaker, Mrs. Charles Sickles.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS